McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—2.00 Per Year

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INTERESTING LETTER FROM CAPT. HAMILTON

When I came overseas we came in a convoy of 23 ships in all. Took the North course, going by the way of Halifax. We sailed into Halifax at dark Saturday and stayed there until 1 p. m. Sunday. It was a glorious Sunday morning and while the ship was in the harbor I felt fine—but when we reached the sea my troubles began. We were not allowd to go ashore, but as the water was calm, we were put through the boat drill. Lowered the lifeboats and we went down the ropes to the boats—a distance of 25 or 30 feet (not the easiest thing for a fat man) but I got along better than many others. We could see the result of that terrible explosion which occurred there about a year before when so many were killed. Looked as though about one-fourth of the city was blown away. Nothing being left but substance looking like stones. Not a sign of a tree or a blade of grass. We had services Sunday p. m. and at 4 o'clock started the trip across. It is a long way from Halifax to Liverpool, going the shortest route—but when you zig-zag-as we did it is certainly a long, long trail. We left New York, July 31st and landed in Liverpool Aug. 10th. Some trip! We reached the harbor about 7 a. m., but had to wait till 4 p. m. until the tide came in before we could get to the docks. Before we left the ship, which was called the "Mandinga" we had tea and biscuits, which were served every day at 4 o'clock. We were most wonderfully treated on the boat. We were lined up in fours and marched to Knatty-Ash Camp, a distance of 5 miles. There we had a tea supper of good old U. S. Army rations. I believe I ate as much as all the time on the boat. The "Mandinga," by the way, was originally the "Appland" that was captured by the Germans and taken into Newport News as a prize of war and afterward returned to the English by an American Court and her name changed. Out at this Camp (Knatty-Ash) we were assigned to tents—6 in each. We had a cot, 5 blankets, mattress and pillow. I surely enjoyed that night. Next morning was a beautiful morning and at 9 a. m. we were on our way by train to Southampton. We rode through a most beautiful and fertile country. I never saw such fields of potatoes—the wheat and oats were great. The meadows were the greenest and safest looking fields you can imagine. Just as it was growing dusk, we reached Southampton.

We had a compartment in the coach which held only four—we all knew each other so it made things pleasant. On landing at Southampton we had another hike of about 5 miles to another rest camp, where we spent the night and part of the next day, which was Saturday. Leaving about 4 p. m., we walked down to the docks, about 6 miles. I enjoyed the time in the city as it is a beautiful place and the weather ideal. You never saw such places for children as Liverpool and Southampton. An able-bodied man of military age was seldom seen. The streets were simply packed along the line of march. The children all wanted to tag the officers' hands and asked for American coins. When it grew dusk we set sail for France, landing at Havre at 6 a. m. the next morning.

The ship we came on from England to France was an American ship, previously run between Philadelphia and New York. Have forgotten her name. She made fine time. We were told to keep on our clothes and wore life belts, not the most comfortable things to sleep in. However, we were not told more than once to keep them on. We were in Havre until 8 p. m., when we left by train for Paris. Sitting up all night or most of the time. You know how I snore when sitting! Well, everyone seemed to sleep regardless.

We reached Paris about 6 a. m. Were there until 8 a. m. the next day, when we started for the Meaves, landing here about 3 p. m. on Aug. 21st. At 4 o'clock we were at work in the wards of U. S. A. BaseHospital No. 50. 700 patients had come in the day before our arrival, so our services were in demand. We are 100 miles from Paris and 20 miles from Nevers on the Loire R. If you can imagine a long tract of almost level land with a railroad on the north, some woods on the south and the rest like pasture fields—all the buildings, 20 hospitals, made in quartermaster style, 120 feet long and 30 feet wide, accommodating 20,000 in emergency, you can picture Hospital Center. The equipment (surgical) is most wonderful. Uncle Sam certainly looks after his boys over here.

This letter was written No. 20th, after the censorship was off.

RUSSELL R. LINDSLEY HOME.

Russell R. Lindsley, widely known newspaper man and musician, is home from overseas. Shortly after the United States entered the war, Mr. Lindsley enlisted at Indianapolis, Ind., as a musician and was assigned to the 139th Field Artillery, Headquarters Company. Several months ago the regiment landed in France and were on their way to the front ready for action when the armistice intervened. However, Mr. Lindsley as a member of an advance detail, was sent into the Verdun sector and he saw "the real thing" at close range. True to his newspaper training he can tell about his experiences in a manner that has kept him surrounded with audiences ever since his arrival. His powers of observation are acute and he can explain the sensation of having shells from big guns burst in your vicinity as well as giving interesting side lights on the life history of "cooties." He was fortunate enough not to form acquaintanceship with these industrious insects during his European service, but says they are nothing new—all American circuses have them. He played with his regimental band at the reception of President Wilson in Paris and says the 40,000 troops that participated in that reception was an inspiring spectacle. He speaks in the highest terms of the French people, although some of their customs were distinctly amazing to American eyes. It is understood that an effort will be made to get Mr. Lindsley to give a public address concerning his experiences and if he can be induced to do so it certainly will be well worth hearing.

BOYS BURGLARIZE BONNIECASTLE BUNGALOW.

Charged with breaking into Bonnicastle Bungalow, the summer home of Mrs. E. H. McCandless, located on a mountain peak a few miles from this borough, Lawrence Coon, Arthur Stanton and Lawrence Cunningham pleaded guilty before Justice Gibson when arraigned for hearing Monday and were held in $500 bail each, which was furnished in each instance. It is alleged that goods to the value of $177 were taken from the bungalow, consisting of a rug, towels, kitchen utensils and numerous other articles. Constable Dickinson said that the boys readily confessed to the act and told him where much of the plunder was hidden and the greater portion of it has been recovered. It is further alleged that the boys also stole a rifle and chickens from Theo. Cleveland of Keating township. They ate the chickens but the gun was recovered. The boys are about 12 or 13 years of age and evidently did not realize the serious nature of the trouble they were getting into.

THREATENED WITH DIRE PENALTIES.

The MINER has been threatened with dire penalties this week if it did not surpress details of a certain news item. Notice is served right now that while this newspaper has no desire to hurt anyone's feelings unnecessarily and will as it often has before, soften harsh details to avoid causing anguish, it will certainly publish the news when it becomes news. The MINER has been annoyed several times lately by people who are endeavoring to run the editor's business for him and notice is further served that if this practice does not cease this paper will do a little annoying on its own account.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT COLEGROVE.

Next Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock a service will be held at the Colegrove church in commemoration of the several fallen heroes from that vicinity who gave their lives following the flag of their country. Rev. Arthur Gregson of the Smethport M.E.church will deliver the address upon that occasion, his subject being, "Our Fallen Crusaders." It is understood that a program has been arranged consisting of special music, etc., but as the MINER was not furnished with a copy of the program only this short description can be given.

Advertise in the MINER.

FITZGIBBON-GRAY.

Popular Bradford Man Secures Charming Bolivar Bride.

Thursday afternoon at 12:30 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gray in Bolivar, N. Y., was solemnized the marriage of their daughter, Miss Jessie M. Gray and Hon. John A. Fitzgibbon, Esq., of Bradford. Rev. J. B. Harry of the Methodist church of Bolivar performed the ceremony which was witnessed by members of the family only. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgibbon left late in the afternoon on their wedding trip which will include a visit to Harrisburg where they attended the inauguration ceremonies.

The bride is well known to many as a young woman possessing a most charming personality. She was born in Bolivar and has resided there all her life.

The groom is one of McKean county's most successful attorneys. Last spring he enlisted as a private in the U. S. infantry and was sent soon afterwards to Panama where he was stationed until being honorably discharged about a month ago. He is now serving his second term as a member of the Legislature from McKean county. He has numerous friends who will wish him and his bride a happy future.

AN INVITATION.

We invite all soldiers of all wars wearing uniforms to be our guests at the grand entertainment to be given by "Private Bill" Startzell and the "Galbraith Brothers" on Friday evening, January 24, 1919, at the Lyceum, Smethport.

Private Bill was on the torpedoed ship Moldavia, thrown into the sea, went through the Hell at Fismes, France, and gave his right arm for liberty. A thrilling story to tell. He tells it well, and puts plenty of good cheer into it. Strongly supported by Galbraith Brothers, entertainers who entertain, an evening of laughs and thrills. Its all FREE to you, soldier boy. Your friends can attend this dollar entertainment for fifty cents.

Cheerfully yours.

Home Guards and Good Cheer Bureau.

The Smethport Allied Band will give a street concert Friday evening before the entertainment.

SWORN IN AT HARRISBURG.

William C. Sproul of Delaware county, Republican, took the oath of office as Governor of Pennsylvania at noon Tuesday in Harrisburg, succeeding Martin G. Brumbaugh in that office. A few minutes earlier Edward E. Beidleman of Harrisburg was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor.

A tremendous crowd was present to witness the ceremony. Governor Sproul read his inaugural address immediately after taking office. A great parade followed in which state troops, fifty bands and other organizations participated. A reception in the rotunda of the Capitol building was the concluding function of the day. It was the intention of the MINER to publish Governor Sproul's address in full but working conditions in this office made such a proceeding impossible.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks for many deeds of kindness rendered during the illness and after the death of our beloved mother.

Mrs. R. C. Sasse and Sisters.

adv4w1.

Farmers Valley Ladies' Aid Fair and Supper at Grange Hall, Jan. 30th Sale to commence at 3 p. m. Baked goods, sewing, confection, Parcel Post, Fruits and Vegetables to be sold. Supper from 5.30 to 8, at 35c. C. C. DECKER, Auctioneer. adv4w1

NOTICE.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 15, 1919.

Do not forget your 1919 Dog Tax. County Commissioners have extended time to Feb. 1, 1919.

FRANK POTTER, County Treasurer.

adv4w2

WANTED: woman or girl for general housework and to assist with children. Must be trustworthy. Address, stating abilities and wages expected,— Mrs. L. E. Scanlon, Colegrove, Pa. adv3tf

TO RENT.

4 furnished rooms, laundry and bath. MISS AMANDA SASSE.

adv3tf

Advertise in the MINER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

DEATH OF A HIGHLY ESTEEMED LOCAL RESIDENT

A death that saddened the community occurred last Friday night when Mrs. Elizabeth Ellingsfeld passed away at the age of 70 years, one month and three days. She was a most estimable woman, held in the highest regard by friends and acquaintances and a loyal, loving mother who will be greatly missed by her daughters. She had been in poor health for several months, but the end came as a saddening shock nevertheless. Her daughters have the sincere sympathy of the MINER.

Elizabeth K. Bayer was born in Pikesville, Md., December 14, 1849. When a young woman she married John Ellingsfeld at Baltimore, living there until his death, 33 years ago. Since that time she had made her home in Smethport, and was a valued and esteemed member of the community, respected and loved for many admirable qualities. She was the mother of nine children, one son and one daughter dead, and seven daughters living: Mrs. C. P. Steinwedel and Mrs. E. H. Coleman of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. E. D. Comes, and Mrs. R. C. Sasse, of Smethport; Mrs. C. H. Whittaker, of Leetonia, Pa.; Mrs. T. R. Lyle of Richmond Hill, L. I., and Mrs. B. F. Penn of E. Downington, Pa. Twenty-two grandchildren and one great-grandchild also survive.

A prayer service was held at the home of Mrs. R. C. Sasse Sunday at 3 p. m., by the Rev. A. Gregson, and Monday morning the remains were taken on the journey to Baltimore accompanied by Mrs. Steinwedel, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Lyle and Mrs. Sasse. The funeral was held at the home of Mrs. Steinwedel at Baltimore, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment at Loudon Park in that city.

COURT HOUSE NEWS.

Marriage Licenses.

Jan. 18, John Butts and Leo Barnes both of Olean, N. Y.

Jan. 30, Charles Alfred Johnson and Kathleen Winifred Leachtner, both of Kane, Pa.

Deeds.

Jan. 14, Rosa Levine and husband to James C. Williams, Kane, $1450.

Jan. 15, John A. Fitzgibbon to Emma Fitzgibbon, Bradford, $1.

Jan. 16, Florence E. Bennett et al to Elizabeth Porter, Bradford, $1.

Jan. 16, Park A. Laumer and wife to Karl E. Godfrey, Bradford, $400.

Bert Hastings and wife to Edwin W. Fleming and wife, Bradford, $1.

Jan. 18, Mary Hilliard Murphy and husband to Lynn C. Thomas, Hamlin, $1200.

Helen S. Booth to Albert Howard Booth, Bradford, $1.

Orlo E. Robbins and wife to Jess Coleman and wife, Liberty, $300.

Jan. 20, J. S. Moody to Dell J. Moody, Otto, $1.

Frank J. Wiley and wife to Lewis L. Frear and wife, Bradford, $1.

S. C. Beers and wife to R. A. Oakes, Mt. Jewett, $270.

Geo. Hriz and wife to George De Goyler and wife, Hamilton, $700.

Jan. 21, C. W. Foster and wife to Oscar S. Hannam, Bradford, $1.

Satisfaction of Mortgage.

Jan. 16, E. D. Wetmore, Trustee, to Charles Nystrom, $1684.37.

Jan. 16, John Jackson, Sr., to John Jackson, Jr., Foster twp., $4500.

First National Bank of Bradford, Pa., to Maple Grove Ice Co., Bradford twp., $5000.

Same to same, Bradford, $5000.

Same to same, Bradford, $10,000.

Same to same Bradford, $5000.

Jan. 17, John Shea to Margaret Cole, Bradford, Pa., $1000.

J. Mulford McKee to E. A. McKee, Eldred, $450.

Jan. 20, Henry Scott to Carrie Harget and husband, Kane, $500.

John Ley to Dell J. Moody, Otto, $1450.

—The Kane Republican announces with great seriousness that the first robin of the season has been seen near that city by a farmer on the Big Level. Down here in the valley robins haven't any idea that it is winter yet and may be seen by the dozen almost any day. Sunday morning at sunrise there was a bird chorus heard by many people that would be credited to early spring days.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and Mrs. W. S. Palmer have returned from a short visit at Buffalo.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

I'll soon be back from this terrible war
Covered with honor and glory galore.
Back from chasing the terrible Huns,
Back from the roar and crash of the guns.
Back from doing my duty well,
A regular hero I am—like Hell!

Yes, I'll soon be back from doing my bit,
Showing my courage and proving my grit,
Playing my part in that wonderful jam
By eating my meals on Uncle Sam.
In fact, there is much more I could tell
Of my record in winning this war—like Hell!

Yes, I'll soon be back with the gang once more,
And I know they'll josh to make me sore.
They'll say I'm a sailor of dryland ways,
I'll hear about this to the end of my days.
But I'll just say this about the boys who kid,
By God, I tried! and that's more than you did.

—Camp Plunkett's Gobs.

LETTER FROM RALPH RICE

France, December 15, 1918.

Mon Cheri Mere et Pere—Just ten months ago today I was taken into the service and year ago I was getting ready to go home. Did not think then that I would be in France now. This is a nice country but I would not care to live here as the people are much different than they are in the states and most of them wear wooden shoes and their clothes are different. They live in stone houses and three or four families occupy one house. At Brest the streets are very narrow at least the ones I saw. Didn't get a chance to go around much. I was on a detail that work in the American post office and saw a little from the trick I was driving. We are four hundred miles from there now. I was glad to leave there. It was cold and rained most of the time. I have seen more of France than I care to in this kind of a way but I must say that France is beautiful. I saw a great deal of it from a cattle car. It took two days and two nights to come here. We had a good time considering the way we came. The last letter I got from you was on October 30. I have received five or six letters and a package. The kit was just the thing and I am very glad you sent it. Every thing that you and Vera sent reached me all right and just in time for Thanksgiving. We had a big dinner that day. We had roast pork and all that goes with it. I hope you all enjoyed your dinner as well as I did. You would think things would be cheap here but it is hard for soldiers to get anything the French people rob so bad, as an example I got four common handkerchiefs that cost me .80 cents each. If I can get a chance to go to Bordeaux I will try and get some things. We are only 14 miles from the city. Yesterday Wilson got here and most of the people got drunk to celebrate the event. I got a box of eats from home last night and they were good. Christmas will soon be here and I wish I was going to be home. Suppose you are glad the war is over and we are coming home soon. You probably have two feet of snow there, but it never snows in this part of France. We have barracks in a beautiful camp. I am well and there is nothing to worabout. Hope you are all well.

RALPH C. RICE.

—William Baker, well known in Smethport where he was employed for six years on the Democrat, when the late S. R. Lindsley was editor of that paper, is dead. Mr. Baker suffered a stroke of apoplexy in Buffalo last Saturday night and the end came very suddenly. For a number of years after he left Smethport he worked in a job printing plant in Rochester, N. Y. of which he was part owner. Later he went to Ithaca, N. Y., and about four months ago located in Buffalo. His wife who survives him was formerly Miss Nellie Fuller of Smethport. Mr Baker was well known to the printing fraternity in this part of the country having worked in Coudersport and Olean before coming to Smethport and his death is greatly regretted. He was a skillful workman and a good citizen. William Fuller of this place attended the funeral in Buffalo, Tuesday.

—Lyle Ely of Norwich, in service in France, has not been heard from since October 1st, and at the request of his parents the Council of National Defense is trying to obtain information concerning him.

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP'S FIRST CASUALTY.

Telegram of the Adjutant General dated Washington, D. C., December 31st, 1918, and addressed to Louis Primerano (brother) at Johnsonburg states that Private Nazarino Primerano is officially reported as missing in action since November 10th. Twenty-five men of Sergeant township joined the colors and this is the first casualty to be reported from among them. Nazarino Primerano was inducted into the service of the United States at Smethport on August 9, 1918, and with a contingent of twenty-eight others entrained for Camp Lee, Virginia. After a few weeks' training he went overseas and was among the casualties the day before the armistice was signed, as above stated. Nazarino Primerano lived at Clermont for several years and was a faithful employee of the Clermont Sewer Pipe Company of that place. His brother, Louis, formerly employed at the same factory, is now living in Johnsonburg. A sister, Tirisso, and the parents, Mary Rosie Arigenello, mother, and Salvatore Primerano, father, are in Italy at Serra S. Bruno, Province of Catanzaro. In addition to Nazarino, two other Italian soldiers of this section have appeared in the casualty lists. Dispasquale Alfonso of Betula who is reported killed in action, October 6th. Alfonso Marino and Aligert L. Johnson of Kane were the first drafted men to leave Smethport and were both on the firing line in France in the 305th Ammunition Train when Marino was wounded. They left Smethport on September 7, 1917. On the same day that Alfonso Marino was wounded he wrote a letter to Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa in which he said, "We are going over the top in a few minutes and I'm going to get the Kaiser." Italian citizens and residents have been loyal to Uncle Sam during the war. Their sons have fought side by side with our brave boys in France and all have been liberal in the purchase of Liberty Bonds and the supporting of the Red Cross and other wartime activities of the Government. Italy has played a large part in the winning of the war and her sons who now live in McKean county have fulfilled the traditions of their country.

(Contributed by the Council of National Defense.)

SALE OF W. S. S. IN COUNTY.

The following is the NUMBER of War Savings Stamps sold in the cities, towns and villages in McKean county during 1918:

Aiken, 293	
Backus, 98	
Betula, 1022	
Bingham, 52	
Bradford, 31,552	
Burrows, 166	
Clermont, 87	
Colegrove, 743	
Coryville, 355	
Crosby, 1827	
Custer City, 605	
Cyclone, 115	
Dallas City, 150	
Degolia, 30	
Derrick City, 585	
Duke Center, 2692	
East Smethport, 193	
Eldred, 1959	
Farmers Valley, 72	
Gifford, 144	
Hazelhurst, 1631	
Kane, 17,819	
Kushequa, 336	
LaFayette, 456	
Lewis Run, 381	
Ludlow, 1,322	
Marvindale, 10	
Mt. Alton, 198	
Mt. Jewett, 5352	
Norwich, 2138	
Ormsby, 557	
Port Allegany, 6118	
Red Rock, 242	
Rew, 131	
Rixford, 450	
Smethport, 10,736	
Stickney, 18	
Turtle Point, 481	
Westline, 186	

The sales per capita, in the cities and towns are: Smethport, $29.54; Eldred, $20.08; Mt. Jewett, $16.80; Port Allegany, $15.51; Kane, $13.30; Bradford, $10.84. In the villages, Duke Center is first, Norwich second and Crosby third. Although I have no way of knowing the populations of these places I am sure every one of the three sold their per capita of $20.00. While McKean county did not sell her allotment yet she finished ahead of the aveage in the state and in the Nation.

Very truly yours.

H. H. REDFIELD, County Chairman.

Subscribe for the MINER.

JOKE FOR MODERN BURGLAR

Herring's Safes, Considered Marvelous Years Ago, Would Be Laughed at in This Generation.

If a modern burglar or "safe cracker" could see some of the safes invented by Silas Herring he would probably have a good laugh. For a "modern" safeblower must be a bit of a scientist with a large knowledge of explosives; an old-fashioned safe would be easy for him to get into; but, in those days the Herring safes were considered marvels and absolutely theft and fireproof.

Herring was born in Shrewsbury, Vt., and began his career as a grocery clerk. Tiring of this after some six years, he went into the lottery business, saved $10,000 and started a wholesale grocery concern in New York city. A fire and a panic ruined his business; so he obtained the agency for the Salamander safes—so named, probably, because they were able to come through fire unhurt. He got the right to manufacture them later, and kept on improving and improving them each year. He once put $1,000 in the drawer of one, sent it to the world's fair and offered the money to any one who could get into the safe and get it. No one got it.

But nowadays big banks and trust companies would laugh at these old square safes. The "burglar proof" safe today is round like a ball, and has a door that screws in, leaving no cracks for explosives. Even if any were poured into the hinges, the explosion would only drive the door more firmly into the casing of the safe.

Herring died in 1891.

MANY VARIETIES OF SUGAR

These Which Are Contained in Dried Fruits Are Recommended as of Very High Food Value.

When you say sugar, you mean that white crystalline material which comes originally from the sugar cane or the sugar beet. And that substance is a pure sugar. But it is not the only sugar, by any means.

If you were a chemist you would call that sugar "sucrose," and you would remark quite casually that, of course, there are other sugars.

Some of these other sugars are "glucose," or "dextrose," or "grape sugar;" "fructose;" or "levulose," or "fruit sugar;" "lactose," or "milk sugar;" and "maltose," or "malt sugar."

Honey, corn sugar, maple sugar and maple sirup, corn sirup and many other sirups contain one or more of these "other sugars." In this sense, all the sugar substitutes are not really substitutes at all, but are sugars just as cane sugar is sugar. All fruits contain sugar of one kind or another. Dried fruits—prunes, figs, apricots, dates—contain a great deal of sugar. They can be used by themselves as sources of fuel for home fighters.

All these sugars have a very high food value. That is the second fact to keep in mind. They are energy foods and of particular value in that they act very rapidly in producing energy for the body to use.

Beneficence Without Ambition.

At present we behold only the rising of our sun of empire—only the fair beginnings of a great nation. We departed early—we departed at the beginning—from the beaten track of ambition. Our lot was cast in the age of revolution—a revolution which is to bring all mankind from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government—from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion, from under subjection to dominion over nature.

It was ours to lead the way—to take up the cross of republicanism and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and martyrdom of fire. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by beneficence without ambition.—William Henry Seward.

Nerves In Sexes Differ.

The late Professor Munsterberg of Harvard believed that the sensory mechanism of women worked quicker than that of men. He took the illustration of two sets of wires, corresponding to the nerves of the human body, conducting a current of electricity to a certain point. The wires of woman's nerves were able to communicate to the fixed point, in this case the brain, the current much more quickly than the male equipment, and, furthermore, reacted to currents too faint for man's wires to take up. The addition of these subtle stimuli produced in the receiving center an entirely different comprehension in woman than in man, Munsterberg argued.—Chicago Examiner.

Superstition Hard to Down.

It has recently been discovered that the "thirteen" superstition still exists in New York. At a dinner to which he was invited one of the guests discovered that 13 persons were present. He was so disturbed over this fact that he left the table.

"In tracing the origin of this superstition," said a traveler, "I found that the Turks have almost eliminated 'thirteen' from their vocabulary. The Italians discontinued using the number in making up their lotteries and the thirteenth card in a game they play has on it the symbol of death."

SETTLED THING RIGHT THERE

Festive Youth Seized Opportunity to Take Actress' Fervent Declaration as a Personal Matter.

A well-known actress had the habit of coming up to the footlights and addressing her lines to the audience instead of to the members of the company with whom she was playing.

During the progress of a play a young man entered the theater—a young man who had been feasting with some boon companions, not wisely but too well.

He came down to a front seat and was about to seat himself when the actress came forward and with marked emphasis said to the audience, instead of to the villain who was trying to make love to her, "I can never love you."

The youth stopped, remarked in an audible voice, "Well, that settles it!" and marched for the exit.

Priests Make Good Aviators.

Roman Catholic priests, who like all Frenchmen of military age joined the army, have distinguished themselves in the aviation service.

Father Mirabail became an observer with the celebrated "Hawk" escadrille and was always the first to volunteer for any perilous mission. The day of the great raid on Karlsruhe after which the enemy admitted to 257 victims and $500,000 damages, the machine which carried Father Mirabail and his pilot, Sergeant Seitz, did not return.

The cross of the Legion of Honor was awarded to the plucky observation officer, who had already earned two citations, and the statement accompanying the award read: "Forced to land by motor trouble he succeeded in burning his machine and the papers on board."

Father Bourjade, second lieutenant of aviation, is a specialist in destroying observation balloons. He has won the Legion of Honor. In attacking an enemy balloon July 19, he received a bullet in the shoulder, but is ready for duty again.

Lithuania's New King.

Duke William of Urach, who is to be the German king of Lithuania, will have an opportunity of eclipsing, in point of brevity and lack of dignity, the record of the other William who essayed the throne of Albania. The interesting thing is that Duke William is to call himself Mindove II. Mindove I (or, as others spell it, Mendowig I) was the first king of Lithuania, receiving his crown from Innocent IV in 1250. He had embraced Christianity from political motives, and he subsequently abjured it for the same reasons. His life was spent in petty warfare, and there is every probability that the reign of Mindove II will also be disturbed.

ONLY DIFFERENT.

James: I suppose you find us country fellows rather different from the city fellows, eh?

Miss Cliffed: Well, you make love better, but spend less money in doing it.

In the Place of Hops.

One of the great industries of the Pacific coast is hop growing, and with the growth of prohibition legislation it seemed to many that the large amount of capital tied up in this business might be entirely lost. The great demand for farm products and the problem of shipping them has brought about a development of the dehydration method for vegetables and fruits. The largest hop grower on the coast found that his hop kilns were exactly fitted for this work and an immense new industry has been started that bids fair to be more prosperous than the hop growing.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Mistaken Identities.

"We had to stop our little girl answering the front-door calls." "Why?" "The other day when Ensign Jones came to call on our eldest daughter he was dressed in his white uniform, and when the little one opened the door and saw him she immediately called upstairs: 'Ma, how much bread do you want today?'"—Detroit Free Press.

No Words.

"What did you say to that rich man who refused to invest even his small change in Liberty bonds?"

"Nothin'" replied Farmer Cornlossel. "And I ain' never goin' to say nothin'. Right there is where we quit speakin' forever."

Sense Returning to Him.

"I see the papers say now that the kaiser is almost distracted."

"If that's true his condition must be improving. He went clean daffy four years ago."

Slim.

"What chance has he to win out?"

"About the same chance a German salesman will have to sell goods in America after the war."

Asbestos Output Decreases.

The asbestos output of the United States has decreased 75 per cent, though the demand is greater than ever before.

The Scrap Book

COULDN'T HAVE PLAYED HOST

Backslider Quick With Excuse as to Why He Had Deliberately Disregarded Pastor.

The reformed toper was seen by his pastor, some time after his conversion to temperance, apparently directing his steps straight to the door of a saloon.

In dire apprehension the pastor called after the man, who glanced round, but paused not, and disappeared through the doorway.

The indignant apostle of temperance waited; and in a minute or so the backslider came out wiping his mouth.

"Now look here," said the pastor, "you heard me call and saw me before you went into that place; why didn't you wait?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir," was the apologetic reply, "it wasn't a bit of use waiting for you; I'd only get the price of one."—London Tit-Bits.

Barnum's Cherry-Colored Cat.

As an excellent illustration of P. T. Barnum's philosophy that the people love to be "gulled," and that it is a shame not to take the money, Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale, relates an incident in the great showman's career.

It was while Professor Phelps was a small boy, in New Haven, that Barnum advertised as a special side-show attraction "A Cherry-Colored Cat!" Naturally an enormous crowd trickled in to see the curiosity, and all they saw was a common black house cat. Disappointment, indignation and chagrin. "We've been humbugged!" was the prevailing sentiment expressed in the equivalent of "Stung again."

The victims caught the idea, that some cherries are black, grinned with delight, winked and went out, and urged everybody they knew to be sure not to miss the wonderful sight of the cherry-colored cat, with the inevitable result that practically everybody got "stung."

MEDDLIN' ISN'T HELPIN'.

Meddlin' isn't helpin' things on,
And fussin' and rantin' is treason now
When our boys out there with their eyes to the dawn
Are reedin' our broad-minded action somehow.
It is just as seditious to snivel and snarl
In a country's crisis as 'tis to spy;
And we've got to be big and we've got to be strong
Or something we love in the world must die.
Smallness and weakness are traitors as vile
As any interned in the prisons could be—
And common sense is the saving grace
That will help our heroes gone over the sea.

—Baltimore Sun.

Lansing as Mapmaker.

Though his main business is diplomacy, Secretary of State Lansing knows more about the military situation in Europe than many a man in uniform. He maintains several maps of the battle-line in his private office, keeps them up to date with colored pins, studies all the communiques and his confidential reports carefully, and has a deep insight into objectives, progress and probabilities. Incidentally, Mr. Lansing is a mapmaker of no mean ability. His charts were used in an Alaskan boundary settlement.

New Miners' Light.

Designed especially for mine lighting, a new idea consists simply of a special blue glass screen that is clamped over the bottom of the electric light reflector, thus inclosing the bulb. The light thus filtered through the special blue glass, it is claimed by the manufacturers, is equal to that obtained from the nitrogen lamp. It is said to be white and pure and the equivalent of daylight. The question of proper lighting is important in breakers and picking tables.

Contradiction.

When a young man Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce of the United States navy was extremely popular with the "smart set" at Newport. With him on the same ship was a stern disciplinarian, ever on the lookout for some neglect of duty. After a round of pleasure one evening Luce met this martinet, who remarked sharply: "Luce, you're tight!" "Pardon me, sir," Luce promptly replied, "if Stephen B. Luce, how can he be tight?"

Air Raid Nerves.

A straw that shows how the wind is blowing is the demand of the Frankfort Gazette that the German imperial government no longer delay in providing the people with state insurance against air raid damage. A leading article pretends that "it is the absence of this protection that is causing such a wide-spread feeling of insecurity."

German Marching Music.

When the Germans entered Brussels they sang as they marched "Every Little Movement." They do not sing now because every little movement still has a meaning of its own, the same being retreat.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Too Early for Him.

"How does your son like the army?"

"Not at all. He says they make him get up just at the time he used to think about going to bed when he was at home."

CHANGING TONES OF BELLS

Manufacturers Have Easy Method of Overcoming Harshness That May Mar Perfection of Sound.

Bells may have tones which, while thoroughly agreeable to the manufacturer, are not so pleasant to those who have to listen to them. A remedy for such a condition is described by James E. Noble in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

By drilling two holes in the side of a bell, as indicated at A and B in the sketch, the tone will remain perfectly clear; but will be quite changed. If a slot, as designated at C, is then cut between the two holes, still another change of tone is effected. By driving a metal rod, E, into one of the holes and trimming it off flush with the internal and external surfaces, the tone may again be changed. Filling up the second hole with a plug, D, will further alter the sound. Then if a wedge such as F is cut and driven into the slot the tone of the bell will be restored to normal.

"In the Rear" Translated.

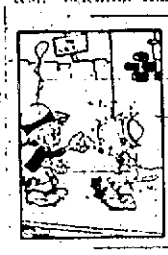
Day after day Germans who read the official statements of their own government learn that although the allies are said to suffer numerous reverses the German armies have fallen back to positions "in the rear." That is the regular ration served to Germans hungry for news of victories.

By this time the more intelligent of the kaiser's subjects must have learned to translate "in the rear" into what it really means. They must have found that it tells the story of defeat and retreat. They cannot help perceiving that it records the movement of the German armies nearer to the German frontier. "In the rear" is toward Germany.

That is what makes the effect of the official phrase extremely depressing. That is why it falls like lead on the hearts of the Huns.

Parachute Jump From Airplane.

The first successful experiment on record of jumping from a moving airplane with a parachute was recently made by Captain Sarrat, a French aviator. This intrepid airman leaped from a height of 800 yards with an umbrella some twelve yards in diameter, and landed safely. He was three minutes in the air, suspended from the parachute. Previous to this test numerous experiments were carried out in France with sandbags, and the practicability of the scheme was established beyond reasonable doubt. But it goes without saying, nevertheless, that it required real courage to be the first to risk life and limb in an actual test.—Scientific American.



NO NECESSITY.

—Ah—Harold! Goin' down to de sea-shore this year?

No deah boy! I kin git jist as tanned on our roof an' save money 'sides!

Athletic Equipment for Army.

Athletic material sufficient to supply 1,750 companies, or 125 complete regiments, has been purchased by the war department commission on training camp activities, an appropriation of $3,500,000 having been obtained for this purpose. The supplies, for which the war department through the commission invited bids, included the following items: 17,500 sets of boxing gloves, 7,000 baseball bats, 21,100 baseballs, 3,500 playground baseball bats, 10,500 playground balls, 3,000 rugby footballs, 7,000 soccer footballs, 3,500 volley balls and 1,750 medicine balls. Allotment of the material to the various training camps is being made.

Free Advice.

Dear Star—My wife and I have 13 children, who annoy us so much that we are unable to read the war news in peace. What would you suggest?—Parent.

A.—In the first place, how can you read in peace when we are at war? You might report the matter to the health board, as there is a ban on public meetings, anyhow.—Indianapolis Star.

In 1950.

"They seem to have plenty of money."

"Yes. Back in 1918 their father bought more Liberty bonds than he thought at the time he could afford."

The Lingering Beard.

"I see you shave yourself," commented the barber.

"What difference does that make?"

"Very little, sir; very little. That's how I came to notice it."

Three Words.

"Some men can convey more common sense in three words than others can put into a two-hour speech."

"That's right," commented Senator Sorghum. "Buy Liberty bonds."

The Opposing Force.

"Er — Miss Brown — er — do — you think your father would oppose my marrying you?"

"If he is of any opinion he would."

Anything Black Is Cool Nowadays.

"What are you [illegible] that black [illegible]?"

"That isn't coal. That's my winter suit."

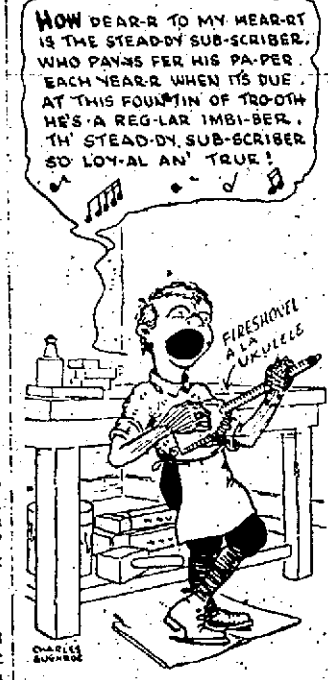
MICKIE SAYS

WHEN YOU'VE SENT OUT A BUNCH O' STATEMENTS TO DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS AND YOU GIT T' WONDERIN' IS THEY'LL PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THEM AT ALL, 'N THEN TWO ER THREE DAYS LATER YOU BEGIN T' GIT A LOTTA FRIENDLY LETTERS WITH CHECKS 'N DRAFTS IN 'EM, OH, BOY! AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORI-OUS FEELIN'!!
CHARLES SUGHROE

MICKIE SAYS

IRENE, GIT ME A GLASS OF WATER! I JEST HAD A AWFUL SHOCK! THAT OLD HARD-BOILED EGG WHO'S BACK SIX YEARS ON HIS SUBSCRIPTION; HE COME IN AFTER WE BEEN THREATENIN' T' SUE HIM, 'N HE WANTED THE BOSS TO THROW OFF SOMETHIN' ON THE BILL BECUZ IT WUZ SO LARGE!! KIN YOU BEAT IT?!
YOU FRIGHTENED ME, MICKIE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE REALLY SICK

MICKIE SAYS


HOW DEAR-R TO MY HEAR-RT IS THE STEAD-DY SUB-SCRIBER, WHO PAYS FER HIS PA-PER EACH YEAR-R WHEN ITS DUE AT THIS FOUR-TIN OF TRO-OTH HE'S A REG-LAR IMBI-BER, TH' STEAD-DY SUB-SCRIBER SO LOY-AL AN' TRUE!
FIRESHOVEL A LA UKULELE
CHARLES SUGHROE

MICKIE SAYS

OUR REPORTER SAYS, "WHEN FOLKS TRAVELLED BY TRAIN, I COULD KEEP TRACK OF 'EM, BUT SINCE THESE DOD-GASTED AUTOS ARE LEAVIN' TOWN BY EV'RY ROAD EVRY HOUR, I GOTTA FAT CHANCE! WHEN FOLKS GO VISITIN', ER HAVE VISITORS; I WISHT THEY'D TELL ME ABOUT IT."

JONTEEL

Tlie new $100,000 odor

TALC—FACE POWDER

Cold Cream and

Combination Cream

Hogarth's Pharmacy

(THE REXALL STORE)

PHONE 82.

Magazine Agency

Good Housekeeping advances to $2.00 February 1st. Now is your chance to get it for $1.50 per year.

Mrs. H. L. Backus

Smethport, Pa.

Engstrom's Jewelry

A gift for every occasion and to suit all purses can always be found in our well selected stock.

Come and make your choice—the price is always the lowest.

ENGSTROM'S JEWELRY STORE.

Smethport, Pa.

Having bought the

GROCERY BUSINESS

of George M. Wernicke

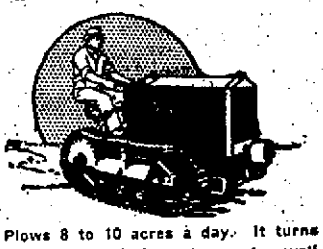
I intend to keep a full line of staple and fancy Groceries.

Come in and let us tell you how to save 60 per cent on your grocery bill.

WALTER C. DALY

Phone 9-2-J

SMETHPORT, PA.



Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

It's pulley belt gives 20 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas leases.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.

Smethport, Pa.

CHOICE CANDY

AND

BAKED GOODS

AT

BRASTED'S

Bakery

Make Your Coal Last Longer

Fix the fire earlier in the evening, light your Perfection Oil Heater and keep cozy-comfortable no matter how cold it is outside. You are sitting in only one room so why keep the whole house hot?

You can always take your Perfection wherever you want to be, any time of day or night. It gives a steady, radiant heat and it is *safe*. When you use

ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL

you are always certain of getting satisfactory results. For it has qualities not found in ordinary kerosenes. Atlantic Rayolight Oil is so refined and purified that it burns without smoke, smell or sputter. Use it in your lamps and lanterns, too. It gives a clear, brilliant yet mellow light.

Go to your dealer *now* and select your Perfection Oil Heater. They are reasonably priced—$5.65 to $10.00.

Rayo Lamps
The always reliable light makers. Handsome designs for every room. Give a clear, mellow light. Ideal for all purposes. At your dealer's.

Rayo Lanterns
Safest and best. Give a piercing, far-reaching light on the darkest night. Durable construction. Oil founts never leak. At your dealer's.

The Atlantic Refining Company
Everywhere in Pennsylvania and Delaware

See McKean County Miner's BIG SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

You Get ALL FOUR of These

MAGAZINES and OUR NEWSPAPER

For One Year Each FOR **$2.55** *Order Now*

THIS EXCEPTIONAL OFFER IS GOOD FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

Subscriptions may be new or renewal. All renewal subscriptions will be extended for one year from present date of expiration.

THIS OFFER IS LIABLE TO BE CANCELED AT ANY TIME. NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

Confidence

YOU HAVE TO FIND YOURSELF before you can seek success. True, life is a constant struggle, but you can carry within you sufficient power for any undertakin. DETERMIOATION imbued with hope and supported by faith will do anything within the range of possibility.

Now then, lets steam up and move ahead. Begin your Bank account to-day, increase it every day, week or month, prove that you are master. $1.00 starts an account.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. has a new advertisement today.

—Read the new advertisement of the Colegrove Grocery.

—The Fry Company as usual displays an interesting advertisement today.

—Smethport Lodge, I. O. O. F., will work the Third Degree, Friday evening, Jan 24. An oyster supper will be served after lodge.

—Private "Bill," with a great war story, and the Galbraith Brothers at the Lyceum to-morrow night under auspices of the Home Guard.

—Miss Grace Olmstead entertained a party of young people at her home on West Main street last week Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Dorothy Eastman, who is leaving for Pittsburgh to attend school.

CROSBY.

Honorably Discharged—War Hero at Home — Personals.

Llewellyn Frier is confined to his home with rheumatism. Dr. Beeley of Norwich is in attendance.

Edward Schlander visited at the home of his sister, Mrs. James Bloomster, he has been honorably discharged from war.

Our soldier boy Hans Benson visited at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charley Benson of Colegrove Hans lost his right arm in service.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whittemore called on Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Wilcox Saturday evening.

H. B. Lathorpe and family are recovering from the "flu".

Mis Velma Wilcox resumed her duties as teaching school this Monday morning.

Mrs. Hannah White called on her daughter, Mrs. Lulu Freer Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wilcox called on Mrs. Chas Bailey Monday P. M.

Edwin Stranburg and Dan McCurdy have returned from Camp to their respective homs.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kilcoin and children have returned to their home at Instanter.

LETTER FROM CHARLES KEYES

France, December 8, 1918

Dear Mother and Father—Today is Sunday and just got back from church so I have got up courage enough to write. I was never so sick of a place as I am of this one, however I have the consolation of knowing that only the best of us are kept here. I am feeling fine and get lots to eat. No need to worry about me and I will be home by the time it gets good wheeling. Have not seen a snow flake yet and the grass is about three inches high. Wish I had about one hundred dollars to spend for things to take home that they never heard of in the states. If you do not hear from me before the middle of next month you will know I am on my way home.

Private Charles Keyes.
Co. H.—315 Inf.

NOTICE OF APPEALS FOR McKEAN COUNTY.

Notice is hereby given, that the County Commissioners sitting as a Board of Appeals will be at the designated places named below at the time specified for the purpose of hearing appeals from the assessment as revised and equalized.

The Assessors are expected to be in attendance at the time of appeals for their respective districts.

For Kane Boro 1st and 2nd Wards, February 3rd; Kane 3rd and 4th Ward Folirnary 4th; Hamilton and Wetmore Townships, February 5th, at the City Building, Kane.

Hamlin Township and Mt. Jewett Borough, February 6th at the Boro Building, Mt. Jewett.

Bradford 1st and 2nd Wards, February 7th; Bradford 3rd and 4th Wards February 8th; Bradford 5th and 6th Wards, February 10th; Bradford, Foster, Corydon Townships and Lewis Run Borough, February 11th at the City Building, Bradford.

Eldred Borough and Otto Township, February 12th; Eldred and Ceres Townships, February 13th at St. Elmo, Eldred.,

Port Allegany Borough, February 14th; Liberty and Annin Townships, February 15th, at the Boro Building, Port Allegany.

Smethport Borough, February 17th; Keating and Lafayette Townships, February 18th; Norwich and Sergeant Townships, February 19th, at the Court House, Smethport.

Given under our hands and seal of office at Smethport, Pa., this 13th day of January, 1919.

A. M. MARSH,
O. S. GAHAGAN,
THOMAS FLAHERTY,
County Commissioners.

A. R. ANDERSON,
Clerk. adv3w3

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

A regional Conference for County and district Sunday School Association leaders will be held in Franklin on January 22-23 and in Lock Haven on the 29-30th.

The State Association Field Staff will bep resent at each Conference to direct the presentations and discussions.

This is an opportunity those interested in Sunday School work cannot

The program is as follows:

The rogram is as follows:

First Day.

2:00—Devotional.
2:20—Why We Are Here.
2:30—Organized Sunday School Work.
a Historical
b The New Day
c Conference
3:30—Divisional Programs.
a Children's Division
b Young Peoples' Division
c Adult Division
d Administrative Division
e Conference.
5:00—Adjourn.
6:00—Supper and a Good Time, all delegates.

Influenza and kindred diseases start with a cold.

Don't trifle with it. At the first shiver or sneeze, take

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

Standard cold remedy for 30 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

7:30—Song service.
8:00—Organized S. S. Work through the lantern.

Second Day.

9:00—Four Divisional Conferences.
a Children's.
b Young Peoples'.
c Adult.
d Administrative.
11:00—County and District Conferences.
11:30—County and District Standards.
12:00—Adjourn.
2:00—Devotionals.
2:15—A Financial Policy.
3:00—Statistics.
3:30—The Kingdom Challenge.
4:00—Adjourn.

Yours very truly,
C. E. McCLUSKEY.

EAST SMETHPORT

School Opened Again— New Son Arrived—Moving to Smethport.

Miss Katherine Fay who teaches at Crosby spent Sunday with her father and sister.

Mrs. Eugene Haynes of Larabee was an East Smethport visitor on Friday.

The East Smethport school has reopened after being closed for a few weeks because of "flu". The attendance is rather small.

Mr. Frank Hooley of Olean was in Smethport last week.

Mr. Sam Crawford was a business visitor in Eldred recently.

Misses Ethel and Wilma Love spent the week end at Larabee. They were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Haynes and family.

Rev. Lawrence Thayer of Farmers Valley called on several families here last week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Urban Fay on Wednesday January 15, a son.

Miss Gladys Bray of Farmers Valley has reopened her school here.

Mr. O. D. Bush of Lock Haven was here on Thursday to visit his father Mr. John Bush, who is seriously ill.

Mrs. Jane Ware of Chicago has been called here by th illness of her father, John Bush.

Mrs. Arthur Reeves was called to Port Allegany last week to care for her father William Ford, who is ill with pneumonia.

Miss Tennice Chase who has been employed at the Pennsylvania Station here has returned to her home in Ischua, N. Y.

Miss Crystal Cunningham has returned from an extended visit to Kane

Mrs. Mittie Welch is in Port Allegany on business.

Miss Ruth Howe entertained several friends at dinner on Sunday.

Archie Mencer has resumed his position at the Pennsylvania station

Miss Edna Ferman spent Sunday at her home in Farmers Valley.

Porter Ostrander and family are moving their household goods to Smethport where they expect to make their future home.

Miss Marian Bush of Coryville spent the week-end with her mother Mrs. Etta Bush.

The influenza patients are convalescing rapidly and no new cases are reported.

Miss Vivian Miller of Coryville spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Charles Dickenson of this place.

Ted Dickerson of Farmers Valley spent Sunday here.

The friends of Mrs. M. J. Cole of Delevan, N. Y., will be sorry to hear that she is ill with influenza.

Charles Curtis was on the sick list last week.

Mrs. Etta Bush has gone to Delevan N. Y.

LAFAYETTE.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ricketson of Timbuc are about to move into the Holcomb house at LaFayette.

Loyd Taylor has recovered from an attack of grip.

Miss Minnie Webb has gone to Harondale to care for Dr. Persis Straight Robins.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Ostrander are the parents of a son, Byron Cleland Ostrander, born at their home, Dec. 31.

Miss Bessie Ostrander of Davis is a guest at the home of her uncle, B. Ostrander.

Harry Collins, who spent the holiday season with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tenny, has returned home.

A. H. Walker has recovered from an attack of grip.

Report of the Condition of
HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY,
located at Smethport, McKean County, Pa., at the close of business December 31, 1918.

Resources.

Reserve Fund:		
Cash, specie and notes	$81,325.86	
Due from approved reserve agents	95,914.54	
Legal reserve securities at par	68,150.00	$195,390.39
Nickels and cents		126.66
Checks and cash items		3,670.70
Due from banks, trust cos., etc., excluding reserve		74,473.47
Commercial paper purchased: Upon one name		208,849.22
Commercial paper purchased: Upon two or more names		209,334.29
Time loans with collateral		145,316.22
Call loans with collateral		145,516.47
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages		77,824.13
Bonds, stocks, etc.		306,555.89
Mortgages and judgments of record		54,153.66
Office building and lot		17,000.00
Furniture and fixtures		2,500.00
Overdrafts		264.97
Book value of legal reserve securities above par		751.56
Other assets not included in above		1,000.00
Total		$1,443,243.52

Liabilities.

Capital stock		$200,000.00
Surplus fund		200,000.00
Undivided profits less expenses and taxes paid		13,981.22
DEMAND DEPOSITS: (Exclusive of trust funds		
Deposits subject to check	$530,810.02	
Deposits, U.S. Postal savings	272.46	
Certified checks	3,079.35	
Treasurer's checks, outstanding	1,111.15	535,272.98
TIME DEPOSITS: (exclusive of trust funds		
Time certificates of deposit	$314,851.34	
Savings fund deposits	169,137.98	483,989.32
Dividends unpaid		10,000.00
Total		$1,443,243.52

Corporate Trusts

Total amount, i. e., face value, of Trusts under deeds of trust or mortgages executed by Corporations to the Company as Trustee to secure issues of corporate bonds, including Equipment Trusts $50,000.00

State of Pennsylvania, County of McKean, ss:

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Signed, RALPH E. BURRICK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of January, 1919.

Signed, HALLIE A. WALKER,
Notarial Seal Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

Signed, HENRY HAMLIN,
" ORLO J. HAMLIN,
" GUY McCOY,
Directors.

ANNUAL REPORT
McKEAN GRANGE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
of Pennsylvania.

Receipts.

Balance in treasury Dec. 31, 1917	$1883.80	
Premiums received during year 1918	405.69	
Assessments received during year 1918	3469.80	
Assessments received during year 1918 for 1917	2.50	
Received for use of office for year 1918	30.00	
	$5773.59	$5773.59

Disbursements.

Fire Losses Paid:

Jan. 31, 1918—Mae F. Hackett, damage on house	$ 25.00
Mar. 8, 1918—John McAuliffe, damage on house	20.00
March 26, 1918—E. A. Studholme, barn and contents	160.00
May 21, 1918—Rev. A. J. Fischer, garage	50.00
May 25, 1918—E. J. Wright, damage barn, lightning	5.00
May 25, 1918—C. J. A. Gustafson, 4 cows, lightning	140.00
May 28, 1918—John Bartley, damage barn, lightning	20.00
June 1, 1918—W. J. Boyd, damage barn, lightning	20.00
June 8, 1918—C. B. & Gust Benson, on house, lightning	50.15
June 13, 1918—F. G. Tenny, on M. E. church, lightning	10.00
June 25, 1918—G. F. Hibbard, on barn, lightning	200.00
July 24, 1918—G. A. Taylor, on barn, lightning	6.00
July 24, 1918—Mrs. Ellen Walker, 2 cows, lightning	70.00
Aug. 8, 1918—Harry E. Taylor, on house, lightning	200.00
Dec. 6, 1918—E. S. Bell, house burned, def. chimney	450.00
Total fire losses	$1126.15 $1126.15
Adjusting fire losses	72.82
Office expense, postage, printing, etc.	271.20
Calendars for year 1919	103.50
Office rent	60.00
Directors' expenses	44.60
Officers' salaries	521.82
Auditors' expenses	11.50
Bonds for Secretary and Treasurer	21.00
Membership in Pennsylvania association	5.00
Refund on overpaid assessment	4.80
Total expense	$1116.10 $1116.10
Total disbursements	$2242.25
Balance in treasury Dec. 31, 1918	3536.34
Total amount of insurance in force Dec. 31, 1917	$1,139,648.30
Amount of increase during year 1918	90,099.00
Total amount of insurance in force Dec. 31, 1918	1,229,747.30

C. F. BOLLER,
E. A. GUENTER,
F. J. HACKETT,
Auditors.

ATTEST:
H. D. OTTO, Secretary

Mrs. Cornelia Woodword has received word from her grandson, Ernest Bowen, that he has landed safely back at Camp Merritt, N. J., after having been in France for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fenstermaker have been notified that their son, Lawrence, is in a hospital in New York City, having been wounded in both legs while in the last battle of the war

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Newton and son, Kenneth, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hillard are spending the winter in Riterville where Messers. Newton and Hillard are engaged in drilling.

Much interest is being taken in the Grange at present as a large class is being initiated, the first degree being exemplified Monday. Mrs. Clara Antler son had charge of the floor work which was carried out in a creditable manner. The class includes: Lloyd Taylor, Jack Thomas, Sam Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Noles, Mr. and Mrs. Newt Hovey, and Misses Kellocker and Anderson.

BUSH HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reynolds and children were Smethport shoppers Saturday evening.

William Smith took a load of apples to Norwich for Joe McKiernan, Saturday.

All those that have been confined to their homes with the "flu" are able to be out again.

Mrs. Thos Smith and son Robert were Smethport shoppers Saturday.

Mrs. Bertha Jordon is assisting Mrs Urban Fay with her house work for a few weeks.

Florence VanSickles who has been assisting Mrs. Thomas of Port Allegany returned to her home.

Thos. Smith and son Thos. Jr., called on their daughter and sister Mrs. John Lyman of Port Allegany Friday last.

Miss Nellie Smith, who has been assisting Mrs. Clark Dunn with her house hold duties will return to her home Wednesday.

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.

ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1919.

Watchful waiting ruled the preparations for war, and waiting without watching has dominated the preparations for peace. Secretary Baker justified his delay in war preparations by saying the war was 3,000 miles away. Notwithstanding the constant importunities of Republicans, the administration ignored the problems of peace as though peace was 30 years away. The problems are now developing. A soldier who returned to Smethport last week said that he knew personally of men in Indianapolis who had commanded large salaries before the war but were willing upon being mustered out to accept jobs at $10 per week to provide themselves with food and lodging. Are the American people resourceful enough to get out of these great industrial difficulties despite the poorest of leadership? The present Democratic controlled Congress shows all indications of "passing the buck" on this and other great problems until the Republicans come into power next March. The problems will be solved without doubt, but the delay is going to cause human suffering and industrial confusion.

General Edwards pointed out that when the soldiers get back from Europe they will have a voice in public affairs and they will make that voice heard in behalf of universal service. They know, better than the stay-at-homes, what such a system would mean for the protection of their country. "They've reached man's estate," said General Edwards, "they have a grand sense of proportion, and I had rather trust my life and the future to their voice and decision than to any lot of men that I ever read or heard about. To avoid another war there must be a form of universal service, if it means only a year for every youth in the country. Military training should be the foundation stone of our education." Once upon a time General Leonard Wood was disciplined for saying less than that, but things are different now. The people are coming to realize the necessity for a scheme of continuous, national preparedness against war. Certainly we should have learned our lesson.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Last Thursday the necessary thirty-six had ratified the national prohibition amendment, and other states have since joined the dry list. While the liquor interests claim that they will continue to fight the amendment it is not clear just what they imagine they can do to avert the inevitable. Naturally men with every dollar invested in the liquor business are "sore" and perhaps with some reason, but the handwriting has been up there on the wall for a number of years and most of them have had plenty of time to rearrange their affairs. The idea of a further fight seems futile and the apt remark of Governor Smith of New York is quoted for their consideration: "Even the kaiser knew when he was licked."

Wonder how that "lofty conscience" condones the act of keeping Major-General Leonard Wood in the background throughout the war. He was the country's leading military genius but was also loyal to his friends. The jealousy that should have been foreign to a "lofty conscience" demanded punishment and as a consequence to gratify a petty spite the country was deprived of the services upon the battle front of its most valuable commander.

"A bunch of sheep in every farm-yard" is a new slogan proposed to aid in the restoration of the American sheep industry to its former proportions. Very good. A bunch of sheep in every farm-yard would mean protective tariff advocates in every farm home, and protective tariff advocates vote the Republican ticket. Sheepraising has recently been taken up on a large scale in this country and is one of the reasons why the Republican party can continue to count upon most of its vote.

Some newspapers mention Woodrow Wilson as the next Democratic candidate for President. However, we will have to admit that there are some wise heads in the councils of that party that will see that no such disastrous movement to the interests of their party is allowed to occur. McAdoo perhaps, but Wilson, never!

—**It** is now Governor Sproul and Lieutenant-Governor Biedelman, the oaths of office having been administered yesterday.

"Pershing for President" would make a fine campaign slogan.

A most amazing outbreak occurred last week in the columns of the McKean Democrat and the MINER and its editor were accused of almost every crime on the political calendar, as well as being called "decadent," "silly" and "unwise." It was a great piece of work and it is with regret that we decide not to publish it on account of its length. We surely would like to give it publicity, as it seems a shame to leave that masterpiece forever isolated in the columns of the Democrat. Ostensibly the eruption was the result of a recently published article under a Washington date line concerning the statement of a diplomat in regard to President Wilson's influence in the peace conference, which was not at all flattering to Mr. Wilson. The article was published in Republican papers broadcast throughout the United States and following the ethics of their calling the newspapers withheld the name of the diplomat making the statement rather than go to the red tape bound trouble of securing the consent of his government to allow him to make the statement over his own signature. With a cosmopolitan newspaper experience that is alleged to have covered most of the earth it would seem that the editor of the Democrat would know that the MINER'S editor had no part in the writing of the statement which was properly quoted and dated. Therefore, why the personal abuse? With a characteristic disregard for truth this Wilson worshipper gives President Wilson almost all the credit for fighting and winning the world war. The numerous millions of warriors and their supporters were mere side lines—"props" as they say in stageland. All this in face of the facts that his influence was responsible for this country's standing inactive while American men, women and children were murdered in wholesale lots; that he attempted to muzzle the American people when they displayed resentment; that the reluctant declaration of war came only when matters reached a point where he had to act or get out of office. The opinion in which the country in general holds him was pretty fairly indicated last November when his frantic personal plea was disregarded and his henchman most emphatically repudiated at the polls. The Democrat recommends the reports that reach this country over administration-controlled ocean cables and telegraph wires as evidence of the homage and consideration of his views shown in Europe. No doubt he is being treated very decently, but so would John Doe of Pike county if he happened to be the nominal representative of the United States in Europe at this time. Like the vote of Corydon township in a close political contest, so the influence of the United States may become very important in case of a deadlock in the peace proceedings. But the idea of President Wilson dominating that conference is sheer nonsense, our allies remember this country's extreme tardiness in coming to their aid, even if we would like to forget it. The MINER has stated on another occasion that it is a great little hero-worshipper when there is a hero to worship, but refuses to become enthusiastic over Woodrow Wilson. The Democrat sneers at the influence of the MINER and the ability of its editor. In regard to the influence of this paper we have nothing at all to say further than that it will compare favorably with the Democrat's. We do not boast of our influence or subscription list in London, Paris and Berlin. We have always granted to the other fellow the right to his opinion if he did not become offensive. Another charge is that the MINER'S political policy is decadent, that we have "old fogy political ambitions." If it is a sign of "old fogyism" to support the Republican party that made the United States of America the most powerful, the richest and the most all-to-be-desired abiding place on the face of the earth, we plead guilty. It is laughable, however, to observe in the McKean Democrat under its present ownership this "holier than thou" attitude; deploring our political decadency and prtisanship. At any rate, the MINER is not owned by a gang of politicians who depend upon Democratic control of political affairs, mainly, for their daily bread; nor is it tossing sweet-scented bouquets to the most partisan president that ever occupied the White House. As to the MINER'S editor, he explains the fact that he is "unwise" and "silly" on various grounds. He never claimed to be a journalistic genius with an international reputation. He never lectured before the crowned heads of Europe. Nay, nor the swelled heads—not even the deadheads. He is willing to admit that he is just an ordinary newspaper man. In fact, now that he recalls a recent editorial in the Democrat regarding the disgrace and danger of mental deficiency in families of more than one or two children, and being the youngest of a family of six, he is perhaps a "cull." However, he is cursed with a faculty for remembering details of political history that were perhaps better forgotten—and is always willing to discuss them when unjustly attacked, as he was in this instance.

One million men thrown out of employment and the reduction of crime by nearly seventy per cent are two results expected to follow the adoption of nation-wide prohibition.

Just Like Getting

Money From

Home

TO KEEP WARM THESE COLD NIGHTS IN OUR HEAVY

Night Gowns

and

Pajamas.

REASONABLY PRICED.

H. W. Rubin & Son

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Urban Fay, Wednesday, January 15, 1919, a son.

—The annual report of the Grange Mutual Fire Insurance Company appears elsewhere in to-day's paper.

—Ransom Beckwith of Norwich township,—who was 103 years of age on January 16, is reported seriously ill.

—Editor L. H. Baker of the Democrat was confined to her rooms in the Clark block last week by illness, but is again at her duties, we are pleased to say.

—Miss Marion Warren, who underwent an operation at the Bradford hospital is reported as getting along nicely, which is pleasing news to her many friends.

—Rev. J. W. Welch, Chaplain of the Erie County penitentiary, and Chaplain of the Erie County Prisoners' Aid Association will speak Sunday morning in the Baptist church at 11 o'clock, also in the evening he will speak at a union service to be held at the Baptist church at 7:30. During the past year over 10,000 prisoners came under the care of Chaplain Welsh. Those who heard him when he was here before will be anxious to hear him again and all those who have not heard him before will want to hear him this time.

—The regular drive for the Syrian and Armenian relief has been extended in Pennsylvania until February, but already a number of the people in Smethport have shown their sympathy for the starving children by volunteering contributions. Last Sunday the Sunday School of the Baptist church contributed $25.00, the Baptist church has already contributed $10.00 on this year's quota, the Missionary Society of the Baptist church $5.00, the W. C. T. U. has also contributed $5.00. Besides this several other contributions have been made by members of the other churches. $71.00 has already been sent in by Smethport on her present quota.

MILLINERY FOR ALL.

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offerings or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are every ready to fill your desires in the line of seasonable millinery. CARRIE CLARK.

advtf.

Would Have Welcomed One More.

Little Lois had received a large doll on her birthday. Being asked how she liked it she answered: "Oh, pretty well, but I was in hopes it would be twins."

A little ad in the MINER will do the business if you need help, have something to buy or sell, have lost or found something. Try a few lines. Advertise in the MINER.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of Alias Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale, on the premises herein described, on

Tuesday, January 28th, 1919, at 10:30 o'clock, a. m.

ALL the defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at an iron post on the south side of State street twelve rods more or less west of Centre Street, and at the northeast corner of lot deeded to Edward E. McGlston and Esther L. McGlston; thence south one hundred, 100, feet; thence east thirty two, 32, feet; thence north one hundred, 100, feet to State Street; thence west along State Street thirty two, 32, feet to the place of be sold as the property at Emil S. beginning. Said lot containing three thousand two hundred, 3200, square feet.

Improved and having erected thereon a one story frame cottage.

Seized, taken in execution and will

E. W. JONES, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.

January 6, 1919. 3t

GET YOUR FALL FOOTWEAR

Dress your feet for the muddy, sloppy, cold days. We have footwear for the whole family, including rubber goods.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

WE HAVE A LARGE SUPPLY OF THE BEST FLOUR ON THE MARKET.

Pillsbury's Best—
Thornton and Chester
White Puff
Gold Ball

And the very best Buckwheat flour. Also prepared Buckwheat and all other pancake flour at very low prices this week.

Syrups——Salt Pork—Bacon—Hams.

The Lindholm Grocery,

Telephone 16-M.

CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER

AND PLENTY OF IT

is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of buildig from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

Include soap in your next order, when you can get such values as we offer:

White Flyer .....5c cake
Lenox Soap .....5c cake
Oak Leaf Soap .....5c cake
Pearl—White Floating .....5c cake
Export Borax .....6c cake
Sweet Heart—Toilet Soap .....4 for 25c

Get our prices on
P & G and Fels Naptha Soap

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

Don't forget the Old Reliable Stand when buying Christmas presents.

Toilet Cases, Knitting Sets, Work Boxes, beautiful line of Ladies' Purses, Perfumes, a full line of Stationery. In fact everything to make the heart glad for Christmas.

The Old Reliable Stand

H. C. WELLS

Drug Store.

CLEANING UP

Odds and Ends at prices that will move them fast.

Saturday last Day of Sale.

Masser Brothers Co.

THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE-149

Armours Fertilizers

I am in position to give you very attractive prices on ARMOUR'S FERTILIZERS.

The reputation of the Armour Fertilizers has been made from results obtained in the field and you will make no mistake if you fill your fertilizer requirements with Armour's High Grade Animal Matter Fertilizers.

Write me or call for prices I know they will interest you.

B. T. GALICK

The Corner Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa, as second class mail matter.

Smethport, January 23, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

The men who are used to the good things of life will find Monheimer's ad. in today's MINER of special interest just now.

Reports last night from the bedside of Mrs. H. T. Garlick, who is critically ill, were of a more hopeful tone. The entire community is praying for the recovery of this well beloved woman.

—The MINER received an appreciated invitation to be present at the inauguration ceremonies in Harrisburg, Tuesday. The invitation was a beautiful specimen of the engraver's art, certainly pleasing to the printer's eye.

—The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. John Larson on Green street next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Members will please be present at that time for business meeting, after which an interesting program will be given, in charge of Mrs. C. W. Freeman, to which all are cordially invited.

—The remains of Mrs. Frank Rizzo, who died at her home in Clermont, were brought to Smethport Tuesday morning and taken to St. Elizabeth's church where the funeral services were conducted by Rev. P. J. Donahue and interment made in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

—Mr. and Mrs. John H. Doty of Keystone were much relieved this week to hear from their son, Cyrus J. Doty, with the American army in the north of France. The young man's letters apparently went astray and his parents had received no word from him since July 1. Earl C. Huff of Colegrove is another young soldier who has recently written after a long silence.

Hans Benson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Benson, of Colegrove is visiting his parents in that vicinity. He was one of the brave boys from this vicinity who answered his country's call and sacrificed an arm as a result of the fighting in France. He was in the same shell hole with Rex Snowden of Farmers Valley when the latter was killed by machine gun bullets and Benson received the wound that cost him his arm on that occasion.

—E. H. Walker is confined to his home on East Main street by illness.

—All members of the Smethport Allied band are requested to report at the hose house to-morrow evening at seven o'clock for the purpose of giving a street concert on account of the Home Guard entertainment at the Lyceum.

—MINER readers who have enjoyed Jimmie McCabe's letters will be pleased to hear that the young man has landed in New York and is now in a hospital recovering from wounds sustained in France. He hopes to be able to visit Smethport in the near future.

—Alfred Kholsath, wounded in battle in France, is home from the war and with his parents in Keating township. He was one of the first from this vicinity to be wounded and has been in military hospitals for some months. He has been honorably discharged from service.

—Go to the Lyceum tomorrow night and hear Private "Bill" with the greatest war story of the day, supported by the Galbraith Brothers, entertainers who entertain. This attraction is given under the auspices of the Smethport Home Guard, and you are helping that worthy organization if you attend.

—William Glavin, whose leg was badly shattered by a fall from an apple tree about four months ago, is now able to get around a little with the aid of crutches, although the injured leg is not yet in good condition. He passed several days this week at the home of his daughter, Mrs. F. J. Nichols, and was kept busy greeting friends.

—The Smethport Allied Band is rehearsing diligently these days and gives promise of being in great form on its next public appearance. Several members who were called away by the war are back again, and if industrial conditions will so work out that the present organization can be retained intact, Smethport will have a fine band next summer.

—The annual court calendar, prepared by Prothonotary B. F. Starsky, was issued this week and as usual is a very handy little volume of information. It is a directory of county officials, judicial and court officers, and members of the McKean county bar, all the justices of the peace and constables, as well as the regular dates for court terms and a yearly calendar with court dates in red. Much other information is included and Prothonotary Starsky's little book every year has come to be a much sought for publication.

An old friend of the MINER'S, *Thomas Harrington, the soldier-poet,* has returned from a long sojourn in the Far West and is at present visiting Coudersport relatives. In a letter received this week, Mr. Harrington says he hopes soon to visit Smethport.

—Mrs. Nettie F. Davis, aged 59 years, of Farmers Valley, died last week at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ira Knight, at Roulette, Pa., where she had gone about two weeks before to receive medical treatment for cancer. Funeral services were held at the Methodist church in that place last week Wednesday and interment was made in the Roulette cemetery. She is survived by her husband, Burt Davis, and six sisters and two brothers.

The members of St. Luke's Junior Auxiliary entertained the new members and mothers of the young ladies at a six o'clock dinner Saturday at the parish house, after which the following program was rendered: Solo, "Rose of No Man's Land," Miss Elbertha Natello; piano solo, Miss Emily McCoy; piano duet, Katherine Hamilton and Harriet Herzog; solo, "Kerry Dance," Miss Grace Olmstead. After the conclusion of this pleasing entertainment dancing was enjoyed by the young people.

—Morris Cohen and P. W. Weinstein of DuBois have purchased the mammoth stock of Max Schoolar, who for a number of years has conducted a clothing and gentlemen's furnishing business in this place. This stock is an exceptionally large one for a town of Smethport's size, and the new owners are going to dispose of it at a big closing out sale which starts tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. Their big advertisement on page eight will give some idea of the low prices that will prevail, but are only a few samples of the many bargains that will be offered.

Mrs. W. E. Van Dyke received a cablegram this week informing her that her husband, the Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, sailed for America Monday. He has been in Y. M. C. A. service since last May and has been connected with the famous fighting 27th division of New York State troops. This division was engaged in the terrific fighting in southern Belgium and has the distinction of being one of the two American divisions that broke the Hindenburg line. Rev. Mr. Van Dyke has followed his duties clear to the front line trenches and has seen much of the real fighting and results of the warfare. He is expected in Smethport soon after the first of February.

PERSONAL MENTION

G. W. Mitchell was a Bradford visitor Saturday.

J. F. Keating of Clermont was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

H. J. Rice left Monday for Harrisburg, Pa., where he will remain this week.

T. R. Lyle of Richmond Hill, N. Y., is spending a short time with relatives in this place.

Mrs. S. E. Bell and son, Mortimer, left Thursday for Philadelphia, where Mortimer entered school.

G. I. Davis, one of the MINER'S old friends from Colegrove, was a welcome visitor Saturday.

Mrs. M. G. Fitzpatrick has returned to her home in Olean, after a short visit with friends in this place.

Mrs. Margaret Barker is in Cleveland, Ohio, this week buying stock for her spring millinery opening.

Mrs. A. L. Herzog of Farmers Valley was in town Monday and was a pleasant caller at the MINER office.

Miss Winifred Roeder of Farmers Valley has gone to New York city where she will enter Columbia University.

Mrs. J. B. Roeder of Farmers Valley visited her son, Harry Roeder, of Wellsville, N. Y., and brother, Elmer Beckwith, of Alfred, N. Y., last week.

J. E. Mullin of Kane was a Smethport business visitor Tuesday.

Miss Julia Fay and Miss Margaret Hubbard were Olean visitors Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Carl Bimar of Buffalo, N. Y., has been a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Otto, and friends in this place during the past week.

Dr. W. H. Overs of Bradford was a Smethport visitor last Thursday.

Mrs. W. H. Kelly has been visiting friends in Betula during the past week.

Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin and Mrs. Wells left this week for Corpus Christi, Texas, for a two months' visit with Mrs. Hamlin's daughter, Mrs. W. L. Hammar and family.

Mrs. Clinton Purkpyle who has been spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. Belle Eagan, left Thursday for Akron, Ohio, to join her husband and where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Quirk returned Saturday evening from Asheville, N. C., where Mr. Quirk had been stationed for some time in the service of the United States, and has received his honorable discharge, which is pleasing news to his many friends.

Thomas Harrington, Civil war veteran, has arrived here from Hot Springs, South Dakota, and will spend some time now in Potter county. Mr. Harrington has not been in the county for two years and he is most welcome by his many friends. He is looking well and enjoying good health.—Potter Democrat.

BETULA.

One Hundred and Three years Old on Thursday.

What has become of our winter. It looks like April weather and the robins and ground-hogs have made their appearance.

The shoe maker is getting nicely located in Mr. Mattisons building near the center of the town.

Howard Dinsmore was a Smethport visitor last Friday.

Oscar Scarfoss of Clermont was a visitor in this place the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Davis drove up from Colegrove last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Marsh of Crosby visited their daughter, Mrs. W. M. Grinolds, last Tuesday.

Paul Francis was up from Crosby last Saturday.

Guy Burdick was calling at C. M. Benson's at Colegrove last Saturday evening.

Earl Grinolds who has spent some time at Crosby, came home one day last week.

Mrs. Carl Baker and Miss Blanch Summerson visited Mrs. Harry Jones Monday afternoon.

Ransom Burdick passed his 103rd birthday anniversary Thursday, Jan. 16. He is in pretty good health for one of his years.

JUST AS SURE AS TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS FOUR

You will regret it in "the long run" if you buy cheap clothes.

If you want the very best clothing for your money, come to our store.

We say this in all sincerity and back it up with our guarantee of your entire satisfaction.

It applies to the lowest-priced Suits or Overcoats at $16.50, as well as the best at $28.50.

JUST ANOTHER WORD—a lot of Suits and Overcoats have been reduced from $22.50 to $16.50 to clear them out.

REMEMBER OUR MOTTO:

Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

The Family Cream Separator

The entire family will appreciate the wonderful Sharples Separator, which skims clean at *all* speeds. The womenfolks or the children can turn it as slow as they please and still get *all* the cream. And you, yourself, when tired, can safely slacken down without any cream loss—a thing you could do with no other separator.

SHARPLES
Famous Suction-Feed
"Skims clean at any Speed"
SEPARATOR

—the *only* separator that will skim clean at widely-varying speeds
—the *only* separator that gives cream of unchanging thickness—all speeds
—the *only* separator that will skim your milk quicker when you turn faster
—the *only* separator with just one piece in the bowl—no discs, easiest to clean
—the *only* separator with knee-low supply tank and once-a-month oiling

Over a million Sharples users! Made and guaranteed practically forever by the oldest and greatest separator factory in America. Bring in the whole family, and we'll show you the exclusive advantages of this wonderful machine

CHAS. W. MASSER

Genuine Sharples repairs and oils carried in stock

SAIT

EFFICIENT PROTECTION

At no greater cost to your estate than if employing an individual, you can secure for the protection of your heirs a guardian which

is always at its place of business.
is never on a vacation.
will not move from the city.
is not subject to illness.
will not grow old and feeble.
will not die.

See your lawyer.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

Smethport, Pa.

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.
The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

305 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA

CORSETS
One lot of corsets 1-2 price

KNIT GOODS
All knit goods—Sweaters, Caps, mittens, leggins and scarf sets 1-4 off.

OUTING FLANNEL.
42c outing, 1 yard wide 35c
39c outing 27 in wide 29c
35c fancy outing 25c
$2.00 Mens Amoskeag flannelette night shirts $1.60

Remnant Sale

Jan. 24 to Feb. 1, 1919

8 DAYS

The Final Clearance.

¼ TO ½ OFF

Short lengths—Odd lots—Mill ends, and small lines of Fall and Winter merchandise. Marked at Bargain Prices for quick disposal.

FURS.
One lot of muffs and scarfs in Mink, Wolf, Coon, Opossum and Near Seal. Values to $15.00.
Your Choice, $5.75.

SOCKS.
Men's cashmere socks in black, oxford and natural gray regular price 55.
Sale price, 42 cents

$11.75 Wool bed blankets $9.50.

$13.50 Wool Army blankets. Size 66 x 84 $9.78.

LADIES SUITS.
Navy French Serge.
Sizes 38, and Black with cord, size 45 values up to $30.50
Your Choice 21.75.

LADIES COATS.
Your choice of our entire line of ladies coats sizes 18 to 42 in Velour, Plush and Cheviot, Values to $20.50.
$15.75.

MISSES COATS.
All Misses Coats, Plush, Mixed Velvet Cord, Zebeline and Cheviot.
Values to $19.50
Your choice, $7.75.

CHILDREN'S COATS
Four children's Coats in plush. Sizes 9 and 11.
Values to $12.00
Your choice $5.75

SILK MUSLINS 28c yd.

THE FRY COMPANY

FLANNELETTE 19c

The Light in the Clearing

A Tale of the North Country in the Time of Silas Wright

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "D'ri and I," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles" "Keeping Up With Lizzie," Etc., Etc.

(Copyright, 1917, Irving Bacheller)

The women and the big girls rolled up their sleeves and went to work with Aunt Deel preparing the dinner. The great turkey and the chicken pie were made ready and put in the oven and the potatoes and the onions and the winter squash were soon boiling in their pots on the stovetop. Meanwhile the children were playing in my aunt's bedroom and Uncle Hiram and Uncle Jubez were pulling sticks in a corner while the other men sat tipped against the wall watching and making playful comments—all save my Uncle Peabody, who was trying to touch his head to the floor and then straighten up with the aid of the broomstick.

In the midst of it Aunt Deel opened the front door and old Kate, the Silent Woman, entered. To my surprise, she wore a decent-looking dress of gray homespun cloth and a white cloud looped over her head and ears and tied around her neck and a good pair of boots.

"Merry Chris'mas!" we all shouted.

She smiled and nodded her head and sat down in the chair which Uncle Peabody had placed for her at the stove side. Aunt Deel took the cloud off her head while Kate drew her mittens—newly knitted of the best yarn. Then my aunt brought some stockings and a shawl from the tree and laid them on the lap of old Kate. What a silence fell upon us as we saw tears coursing down the cheeks of this lonely old woman of the countryside—tears of joy, doubtless, for God knows how long it had been since the poor, abandoned soul had seen a merry Christmas and shared its kindness. I did not fail to observe how clean her face and hands looked! She was greatly changed.

She took my hand as I went to her side and tenderly caressed it. A gentler smile came to her face than ever I had seen upon it. The old stern look returned for a moment as she held one finger aloft in a gesture which only I and my Aunt Deel understood. We knew it signified a peril and a mystery. That I should have to meet it, somewhere up the hidden pathway, I had no doubt whatever.

"Dinner's ready!" exclaimed the cheerful voice of Aunt Deel.

Then what a stirring of chairs and feet as we sat down at the table. Old Kate sat by the side of my aunt and we were all surprised at her good manners.

We jested and laughed and drank cider and reviewed the year's history and ate as only they may eat who have long holes and muscles and the vitality of oxen. I never taste the flavor of sage and currant jelly or hear a hearty laugh without thinking of those holiday dinners in the old log house on Rattleroad.

That Christmas brought me nothing better than those words, the memory of which is one of the tallest towers in that long avenue of my past down which I have been looking these many days. About all you can do for a boy, worth while, is to give him something good to remember.

The day had turned dark. The temperature had risen and the air was damp and chilly. The men began to fetch up their horses.

So, one by one, the sleighloads left us with cheery good-bys and a grinding of runners and a jingling of bells. When the last had gone Uncle Peabody and I went into the house. Aunt Deel sat by the stove, old Kate by the window looking out at the falling dusk. How still the house seemed!

"There's one thing I forgot," I said as I proudly took out of my wallet the six one-dollar bills which I had earned by working Saturdays and handed three of them to my aunt and three to my uncle, saying:

"That is my Christmas present to you. I earned it myself."

I remember so well their astonishment and the trembling of their hands and the look of their faces.

"It's grand—ayes!" Aunt Deel said in a low tone.

She rose in a moment and beckoned to me and my uncle. We followed her through the open door to the other room.

"I'll tell ye what I'd do," she whispered. "I'd give 'em to ol' Kate—ayes! She's goin' to stay with us till tomorrow."

"Good idee!" said Uncle Peabody.

So I took the money out of their hands and went in and gave it to the Silent Woman.

"That's your present from me," I said.

How can I forget how she held my arm against her with that loving, familiar, rocking motion of a woman who is soothing a baby at her breast and kissed my coat sleeve? She released my arm and, turning to the window, leaned her head upon its sill and shook with sobs. The dusk had thickened. As I returned to my seat by the stove I could dimly see her form against the light of the window. We sat in silence for a little while.

Then Uncle Peabody rose and got a candle and lighted it at the hearth.

I held the lantern while Uncle Peabody fed the sheep and the two cows and milked—a slight chore these winter days.

"You and I are to go off to bed purty early," he said as we were going back to the house. "Yer Aunt Deel wants to see Kate alone and git her to talk if she can.

"I dunno but she'll swing back into this world ag'in," said Uncle Peabody when we had gone up to our little room. "I guess all she needs is to be treated like a human bein'. Yer Aunt Deel an' I couldn't git over thinkin' o' what she done for you that night in the ol' barn. So I took some o' yer aunt's good clothes to her an' a pair o' boots an' asked her to come to Chris'mas. She lives in a little room over the blacksmith shop down to Butterfield's mill. I told her I'd come after her with the cutter but she shook her head. I knew she'd rather walk."

He was yawning as he spoke and soon we were both asleep under the shingles.

CHAPTER XII.

The Thing and Other Things.

I returned to Mr. Hacket's house late in the afternoon of New Year's day. The schoolmaster was lying on a big lounge in a corner of their front room with the children about him. The dusk was falling.

"Welcome, my laddie buck!" he exclaimed as I entered. "We're telling stories o' the old year an' you're just in time for the last o' them. Sit down, lad, and God give ye patience! It'll soon be over."

After supper he got out his boxing gloves and gave me a lesson in the art of self-defense, in which, I was soon to learn, he was highly accomplished, for we had a few rounds together every day after that. He keenly enjoyed this form of exercise and I soon began to. My capacity for taking punishment without flinching grew space and before long I got the knack of countering and that pleased him more even than my work in school, I have sometimes thought.

"God bless ye, boy!" he exclaimed one day after I had landed heavily on his cheek; "ye've a nice way o' sneakin' in with yer right. I've a notion ye may find it useful some day."

I wondered a little why he should say that, and while I was wondering he felled me with a stinging blow on my nose.

"Ah, my lad—there's the best thing I have seen ye do—get up an' come back with no mad in ye," he said as he gave me his hand.

One day the schoolmaster called the older boys to the front seats in his room and I among them.

"Now, boys, I'm going to ask ye what ye want to do in the world," he said. "Don't be afraid to tell me what ye may never have told before and I'll do what I can to help ye."

For some months I had been studying a book just published, entitled, "Stenographic Sound-Hand" and had learned its alphabet and practiced the use of it. That evening I took down the remarks of Mr. Hacket in sound-hand.

The academy chapel was crowded with the older boys and girls and the townfolk. The master never clipped his words in school as he was wont to do when talking familiarly with the children.

"Since the leaves fell our little village has occupied the center of the stage before an audience of millions in the great theater of congress. Our leading citizen, the chief actor—has been crowned with immortal fame. We who watched the play were thrilled by the query: Will Uncle Sam yield to temptation or cling to honor? He has chosen the latter course and we may still hear the applause in distant galleries beyond the sea. He has decided that the public revenues must be paid in honest money.

"My friend and classmate, George Bancroft, the historian, has written this letter to me out of a full heart:

"'Your fellow townsman, Silas Wright, is now the largest figure in Washington. We were all worried by the resolution of Henry Clay until it began to crumble under the irresistible attack of Mr. Wright. On the 16th he submitted a report upon it which for lucid and accurate statements presented in the most unpretending manner won universal admiration and will be remembered alike for its intrinsic excellence and for having achieved one of the most memorable victories ever gained in the United States senate. After a long debate Clay himself, compelled by the irresistible force of argument in the report of Mr. Wright, was obliged to retire from his position, his resolution having been rejected by a vote of 44 to 1.'"

With what pride and joy I heard of this great thing that my friend had accomplished!

Going out with the crowd that evening, I met Sally and Mr. and Mrs. Dunkelberg. The latter did not speak to me and when I asked Sally if I could walk home with her she answered curtly, "No, thank you."

I have got a bit ahead of my history. Soon after the opening of the new year—ten days or so later it may have been—I had begun to feel myself encompassed by a new and subtle force. It was a thing as intangible as heat but as real as fire and more terrible, it seemed to me. I felt it first in the attitude of my play fellows. They denied me the confidence and intimacy which I had enjoyed before. They whispered together in my presence. In all this I had not failed to observe that Henry Wills had taken a leading part. The invisible, inaudible, mysterious thing wrought a great change in me. It followed me through the day and lay down with me at night. I wondered what I had done. I carefully surveyed my clothes. They looked all right to me. My character was certainly no worse than it had been. How it preyed upon my peace and rest and happiness—that mysterious hidden thing!

One day Uncle Peabody came down to see me and I walked through the village with him. We met Mr. Dunkelberg, who merely nodded and hurried along. Mr. Bridges, the merchant, did not greet him warmly and chat with him as he had been wont to do. I saw that The Thing—as I had come to think of it—was following him also. How it darkened his face! Even now I can feel the aching of the deep, bloodless wounds of that day. I could bear it better alone. We were trying to hide our pain from each other when we said good-by. How quickly my uncle turned away and walked toward the sheds! He came rarely to the village of Canton after that.

May had returned—a warm bright May. I had entered my seventeenth year and the work of the term was finished.

Having nothing to do one afternoon, I walked out on the road toward Ogdensburg for a look at the woods and fields. Soon I thought that I heard the sound of galloping hoofs behind me. I looked back and I saw Sally rounding the turn by the river and coming toward me at full speed, the mane of her pony flying back to her face. She pulled up beside me just as I had imagined she would do.

"Bart, I hate somebody terribly," said she.

"Whom?"

"A man who is coming to our house on the stage today. Granny Barnes is trying to get up a match between us. Father says he is rich and hopes he will want to marry me. I got mad about it. He is four years older than I am. Isn't that awful? I am going to be just as mean and hateful to him as I can."

"I guess they're only fooling you," I said.

"No, they mean it. I have heard them talking it over."

"He cannot marry you."

"Why?"

It seemed to me that the time had come for me to speak out, and with burning cheeks I said:

"Because I think that God has married you to me already. Do you remember when we kissed each other by the wheat field one day last summer?"

"Yes."

We had faced about and were walking back toward Canton, I close by the pony's side.

"May I kiss you again?"

She stopped the pony and leaned toward me and our lips met in a kiss the thought of which makes me lay down my pen and bow my head a moment while I think with reverence of that pure, sweet spring of memory in whose waters I love to wash my spirit.

"I guess God has married us again," I declared.

"I knew that you were walking on this road and I had to see you," said she. "People have been saying such terrible things."

"What?"

"They say your uncle found the pocketbook that was lost and kept the money. They say he was the first man that went up the road after it was lost."

"It's a lie—my uncle never saw the pocketbook. Some money was left to him by a relative in Vermont. That's how it happened that he bought a farm instead of going to the poorhouse when Grimshaw put the screws to him."

"I knew that your uncle didn't do it," she went on. "Father and mother couldn't tell you. So I had to."

"Why couldn't your father and mother tell me?"

"They didn't dare. Mr. Grimshaw made them promise that they would not speak to you or to any of your family. I heard them say that you and your uncle did right. Father told mother that he never knew a man so honest as your Uncle Peabody."

Just then we came upon the Silent Woman sitting among the dandelions by the roadside. She held a cup in her hand with some honey on its bottom and covered with a piece of glass.

We Came Upon the Silent Woman Sitting Among the Dandelions by the Roadside.

"She is hunting bees," I said as we stopped beside her.

She rose and patted my shoulder with a smile and threw a kiss to Sally. Suddenly her face grew stern. She pointed toward the village and then at Sally.

"She means that there is some danger ahead of you," I said.

The Silent Woman picked a long blade of grass and tipped its end in the honey at the bottom of the cup. She came close to Sally with the blade of grass between her thumb and finger.

"She is fixing a charm," I said.

She smiled and nodded as she put a drop of honey on Sally's upper lip.

She held up her hands while her lips moved as if she were blessing us.

"I suppose it will not save me if I brush it off," said Sally.

We went on and in a moment a bee lighted on the honey. Nervously she struck at it and then cried out with pain.

"The bee has stung you," I said.

She covered her face with her handkerchief and made no answer.

"Wait a minute—I'll get some clay," I said as I ran to the river bank.

I found some clay and moistened it with the water and returned.

"There, look at me!" she groaned. "The bee bit my nose."

She uncovered her face, now deformed almost beyond recognition, her nose having swollen to one of great size and redness.

"You look like Rodney Barnes," I said with a laugh as I applied the clay to her afflicted nose.

"And I feel like the old boy. I think my nose is trying to jump off and run away."

We were nearing the village. She wiped the mud from her prodigious nose and I wet her handkerchief in a pool of water and helped her to wash it. Soon we saw two men approaching us in the road. In a moment I observed that one was Mr. Horace Dunkelberg; the other a stranger and a remarkably handsome young man he was, about twenty-two years of age and dressed in the height of fashion. I remember so well his tall, athletic figure, his gray eyes, his small dark mustache and his admirable manners. Both were appalled at the look of Sally.

"Why, girl, what has happened to you?" her father asked.

Then I saw what a playful soul was Sally's. The girl was a born actress.

"Been riding in the country," said she. "Is this Mr. Latour?"

"This is Mr. Latour, Sally," said her father.

They shook hands.

"I am glad to see you," said the stranger.

"They say I am worth seeing," said Sally. "This is my friend, Mr. Baynes. When you are tired of seeing me, look at him."

I shook the hand he offered me.

"Of course, we can't all be good looking," Sally remarked with a sigh, as if her misfortune were permanent.

Mr. Horace Dunkelberg and I laughed heartily—for I had told him in a whisper what had happened to Sally—while Mr. Latour looked a little embarrassed.

"My face is not beautiful, but they say that I have a good heart," Sally assured the stranger.

They started on. I excused myself and took a trail through the woods to another road. Just there, with Sally waving her hand to me as I stood for a moment in the edge of the woods, the curtain falls on this highly romantic period of my life.

Uncle Peabody came for me that evening. It was about the middle of the next week that I received this letter from Sally:

"Dear Bart: Mr. Latour gave up and drove to Potsdam in the evening. Said he had to meet Mr. Parish. I think that he had seen enough of me. I began to hope he would stay—he was so good looking, but mother is very glad that he went, and so am I, for our minister told us that he is one of the wickedest young men in the state. He is very rich and very bad, they say. I wonder if old Kate knew about him. Her charms worked well anyway. [illegible] right in the morning. Sorry that I can't meet you Saturday. Mother and I are packing up to go away for the summer. Don't forget me. I shall be thinking every day of those lovely things you said to me. I don't know what they will try to do with me, and I don't care. I really think as you do, Bart, that God has married us to each other.

"Yours forever,

"SALLY DUNKELBERG".

How often I read those words—so like all the careless words of the young!

CHAPTER XIII.

The Bolt Falls.

Three times that winter I had seen Benjamin Grimshaw followed by the Silent Woman clothed in rags and pointing with her finger.

The trial of Amos came on. He had had "blood on his feet," as they used to say, all the way from Lickityspilt to Lewis county in his flight, having attacked and slightly wounded two men with a bowie knife who had tried to detain him at Rainy Lake. He had also shot at an officer in the vicinity of Lowville, where his arrest was effected. He had been identified by all these men, and so his character as a desperate man had been established. This in connection with the scar on his face and the tracks which the boots of Amos fitted, and the broken gun stock convinced the jury of his guilt.

I remember well the look of the venerable Judge Cady as he pronounced the sentence of death upon Amos Grimshaw. A ray of sunlight slanting through a window in the late afternoon fell upon his gracious countenance, shining also, with the softer light of his spirit. Slowly, solemnly, kindly, he spoke the words of doom. It was his way of saying them that first made me feel the dignity and majesty of the law. The kind and fatherly tone of his voice put me in mind of that supremest court which is above all question and which was swiftly to enter judgment in this matter and in others related to it.

Slowly the crowd moved out of the courtroom. Benjamin Grimshaw rose and calmly whispered to his lawyer. He had not spoken to his son or seemed to notice him since the trial had begun, nor did he now. Many had shed tears that day, but not he. Mr. Grimshaw never showed but one emotion—that of anger. He was angry now. His face was hard and stern. He muttered as he walked out of the courtroom, his cane briskly beating the floor.

The Silent Woman—as ragged as ever—was waiting on the steps. Out went her bony finger as he came down. He turned and struck at her with his cane and shouted in a shrill voice that rang out like a trumpet in his frenzy:

"Go 'way from me. Take her away, somebody. I can't stan' it. She's killin' me. Take her away. Take her away. Take her away."

"Go 'Way From Me. Take Her Away."

His face turned purple and then white. He reeled and fell headlong, like a tree severed from its roots, and lay still on the hard, stone pavement. It seemed as if snow were falling on his face—it grew so white. The Silent Woman stood as still as he, pointing at him with her finger, her look unchanged. People came running toward us. I lifted the head of Mr. Grimshaw and laid it on my knee. It felt like the head of the stranger in Rattleroad. Old Kate bent over and looked at the eyelids of the man which fluttered faintly and were still.

"Dead!" she muttered.

Then, as if her work were finished, she turned and made her way through the crowd and walked slowly down the street. Men stood aside to let her pass, as if they felt the power of her spirit and feared the touch of her garments.

Two or three men had run to the house of the nearest doctor. The crowd thickened. As I sat huddling down at the dead face in my lap, a lawyer who had come out of the courtroom pressed near me and bent over and looked at the set eyes of Benjamin Grimshaw and said:

"She floored him at last. I knew she would. He tried not to see her, but I tell ye that bony old finger of hers burnt a hole in him. He couldn't stand it. I knew he'd blow up some day under the strain. She got him at last."

"Who got him?" another asked.

"Rovin' Kate. She killed him, pointing her finger at him—"

"She's got an evil eye. Everybody's afraid o' the crazy ol' trollope."

"Nonsense! She isn't half as crazy as the most of us," said the lawyer. "In my opinion she had a good reason for pointing her finger at that man. She came from the same town he did over in Vermont. Ye don't know what happened there."

The doctor arrived. The crowd made way for him. He knelt beside the still figure and made the tests. He rose and shook his head, saying:

"It's all over. Let one o' these boys go down and bring the undertaker."

Benjamin Grimshaw, the richest man in the township, was dead, and I have yet to hear of any mourners.

Three days later I saw his body lowered into its grave. The little, broken-spirited wife stood there with the same sad smile on her face that I had noted when I first saw her in the hills. Rovin' Kate was there in the clothes she had worn Christmas day. She was greatly changed. Her hair was neatly combed. The wild look had left her eyes. She was like one whose back is relieved of a heavy burden. Her lips moved as she scattered little red squares of paper into the grave. I suppose they thought it a crazy whim of hers—they who saw her do it. I thought that I understood the curious bit of symbolism and so did the schoolmaster, who stood beside me. Doubtless the pieces of paper numbered her curses.

"The scarlet sins of his youth are lying down with him in the dust," Hacket whispered as we walked away together.

(END OF BOOK TWO.)

BOOK THREE

Which Is the Story of the Chosen Ways.

CHAPTER XIV.

Uncle Peabody's Way and Mine.

It is a bad thing to be under a heavy obligation to one's self of which, thank God, I am now acquitted. I have known men who were their own worst creditors. Everything they earned went swiftly to satisfy the demands of vanity or pride or appetite. I have seen them literally put out of house and home, thrown neck and crop into the street, as it were, by one or the other of these heartless creditors—each a grasping usurer with unjust claims.

I remember that Rodney Barnes called for my chest and me that fine morning in early June when I was to go back to the hills, my year's work in school being ended. I elected to walk, and the schoolmaster went with me five miles or more across the flats to the slope of the high country.

"Soon the senator will be coming," he remarked. "I have a long letter from him and he asks about you and your aunt and uncle. I think that he's fond o' you, boy."

"I wish you would let me know when he comes," I said.

"I am sure he will let you know, and, by the way, I have heard from another friend o' yours, my lad. Ye're a lucky one to have so many friends—sure ye are. Here, I'll show ye the letter. There's no reason why I shouldn't. Ye will know its writer, probably. I do not."

So saying he handed me this letter:

"Canterbury, Vt.,

"June 1.

"Dear Sir.—I am interested in the boy Barton Baynes. Good words about him have been flying around like pigeons. When school is out I would like to hear from you, what is the record? What do you think of the soul in him? What kind of work is best for it? If you will let me maybe I can help the plans of God a little. That is my business and yours. Thanking you for reading this, I am, as ever,

"God's humble servant,

"KATE FULLERTON."

"Why, this is the writing of the Silent Woman," I said before I had read the letter half through.

"Rovin' Kate?"

"Roving Kate; I never knew her other name, but I saw her handwriting long ago."

"But look—this is a neatly written, well-worded letter an' the sheet is as white and clean as the new snow. Uncanny woman! They say she scarries the power o' God in her right hand. So do all the wronged."

"I wonder why Kate is asking about me," I said.

"Never mind the reason. She is your friend and let us thank God for it. Think how she came to yer help in the old barn an' say a thousand prayers, my lad."

Having come to the first flight of the uplands, he left me with many a kind word—how much they mean to a boy who is choosing his way with a growing sense of loneliness!

I reached the warm welcome of our little home just in time for dinner. They were expecting me and it was a regular company dinner—chicken pie and strawberry shortcake.

How well I remember that hour with the doors open and the sun shining brightly on the blossoming fields and the joy of man and bird and beast in the return of summer and the talk about the late visit of Alma Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln!

While we were eating I told them about the letter of old Kate.

"Fullerton!" Aunt Deel exclaimed. "Are ye sure that was the name, Bart?"

"Yes."

"Goodness gracious sakes alive!"

She and Uncle Peabody gave each other looks of surprised inquiry.

"Do you know anybody by that name?" I asked.

"We used to," said Aunt Deel as she resumed her sitting. "Can't be she's one o' the Sam Fullertons, run it?"

"Oh, prob'ly not," said Uncle Peabody. "Back East they's more Fullertons than ye could shake a stick at."

A week later we had our raising. Uncle Peabody did not want a public raising, but Aunt Deel had had her way. We had hewed and mortised and bored the timbers for our new home. The neighbors came with pikes and helped to raise and stay and cover them. A great amount of human kindness went into the beams and rafters of that home and of others like it. I knew that The Thing was still alive in the neighborhood, but even that could not paralyze the helpful hands of those people. Indeed, what was said of my Uncle Peabody was nothing more or less than a kind of conversational firewood. I cannot think that any one really believed it.

We had a cheerful day. A barrel of hard cider had been set up in the dooryard, and I remember that some drank it too freely. The he-o-hee of the men as they lifted on the pikes and the sound of the hammer and beetle rang in the air from morning until night. Mrs. Rodney Barnes and Mrs. Dorothy came to help Aunt Deel with the cooking and a great dinner was served on an improvised table in the dooryard, where the stove was set up. The

Try the MINER three months for 50 cents.

mingles and sheetiron and clapboards were on before the day ended.

Uncle Peabody and I put in the floors and stairway and partitions. More than once in the days we were working together I tried to tell him what Sally had told me, but my courage failed.

The day came, shortly, when I had to speak out, and I took the straight way of my duty as the needle of the compass pointed. It was the end of a summer day and we had watched the dusk fill the valley and come creeping up the slant, sinking the bowlders and thorn tops in its flood, one by one. As we sat looking out of the open door that evening I told them what Sally had told me of the evil report which had traveled through the two towns.

"Damn, little souled, narrer-contracted—" Uncle Peabody, speaking in a low, sad tone, but with deep feeling, cut off this highly promising opinion before it was half expressed, and rose and went to the water pail and drank.

"As long as we're honest we don't care what they say," he remarked, as he returned to his chair.

"If they won't believe us, we ought to show 'em the papers—eyes," said Aunt Deel.

"Thunder an' Jehu! I wouldn't go 'round the town tryin' to prove that I ain't a thief," said Uncle Peabody. "It wouldn't make no differ'nce. They've got to have somethin' to play with. If they want to use my name for a bean bag let 'em as long as they do it when I ain't lookin'. I wouldn't wonder if they got sore hands by an' by."

I never heard him speak of it again. Indeed, although I knew the topic was often in our thoughts it was never mentioned in our home but once after that, to my knowledge.

We sat for a long time thinking as the night came on.

That week a letter came to me from the senator, announcing the day of Mrs. Wright's arrival in Canton and asking me to meet and assist her in getting the house to rights. I did so. She was a pleasant-faced, amiable woman and a most enterprising house-

I Remember My First Task Was Mending the Wheelbarrow.

cleaner. I remember that my first task was mending the wheelbarrow.

"I don't know what Silas would ol if he were to get home and find hi wheelbarrow broken," said she. "It i almost an inseparable companion o his."

The schoolmaster and his family were fishing and camping upon the river, and so I lived at the senator's house with Mrs. Wright and her mother until he arrived. What a wonderful house it was, in my view! I was awed by its size and splendor, its soft carpets and shiny brass and mahogany. Yet it was very simple.

I hoed the garden and cleaned its paths and mowed the dooryard and did some painting in the house.

The senator returned to Canton that evening on the Watertown stage. He greeted me with a fatherly warmth. Again I felt that strong appeal to my eye in his broadcloth and fine linen and beaver hat and in the splendid dignity and courtesy of his manners.

"I've had good reports of you, Bart, and I'm very glad to see you," he said.

"I believe your own marks have been excellent in the last year," I ventured.

"Poorer than I could wish. The teacher has been very kind to me," he laughed. "What have you been studying?"

"Latin (I always mentioned the Latin first), algebra, arithmetic, grammar, geography and history."

He asked about my aunt and uncle and I told him of all that had befallen us, save the one thing of which I had spoken only with him and Sally.

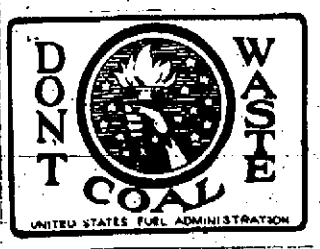
"I shall go up to see them soon," he said.

The people of the little village had learned that he preferred to be let alone when he had just returned over the long, wearisome way from the scene of his labors. So we had the evening to ourselves.

Mrs. Wright, being weary after the day's work, went to bed early and, at his request, I sat with the senator by the fire for an hour or so. I have always thought it a lucky circumstance for me that he asked me to tell of my plans and gave me advice and encouragement which have had a marked effect upon my career.

I remember telling him that I wished to be a lawyer and my reasons for it. He told me that a lawyer was either a

Continued next week.



SIFTING FURNACE, STOVE, GRATE ASH SAVES MUCH FUEL

U. S. Fuel Administration Urges Reclamation of All Waste to Aid Fuel Situation.

Thousands of tons of coal can be reclaimed and proportionate dollars saved in fuel bills if the householders of the nation will adopt the simple, homely method of sifting their ashes. About five bucketfuls of coal are thrown away in the ashes each week by the wasteful householder. Each bucketful weighs about nineteen pounds, and fresh mine coal sold by the bucketful costs about 16 cents each. If this coal is reclaimed by sifting the ashes, it would represent a saving of 80 cents a week and conserve just so much coal for the dealer to supply other householders. The United States Fuel Administration gives the following directions for reclaiming coal from ashes:

How to Sift Ashes.

Shake the sifter until all the dust-like particles fall through. You will then have left in your sifter a mixture of black and white-covered pieces of coal and probably a few clinkers and pieces of stone.

Pick out and throw away all stone. Do not throw away clinkers unless they are thoroughly burned. Coal will often fuse in such a manner that the part in the center is not burned. Break clinkers apart, and if there is any black substance in them it is carbon, and they can be burned over again.

White clunks generally contain a large amount of carbon, though their covering might be soft and have the appearance of ashes. Do not throw them away.

Coal thus recovered should be spread on the ground and sprinkled with water. This will open the seams in the coal, and when it is placed in the heater the fire will reach and ignite the unused carbon.

It is better not to mix the coal thus reclaimed with fresh coal. Keep it in a separate pile.

Reclaimed coal should generally be used on a red hot fire, although it can also be used in banking a fire at night. —U. S. Fuel Administration.

COALOGRAMS.

Why try to heat all outdoors.

Turn off the heat when you open a window for the night. Save anthracite.

Clean out your furnace, range and flues. Save anthracite.

Soot is a better heat insulator than asbestos. Clean it out and save anthracite.

COAL PRODUCTION CUT.

The influenza epidemic cut anthracite coal production 1,000,000 tons, according to the estimates of the United States Fuel Administration. Another half million of tons was sliced from expected production when the miners joined with the rest of the country in celebrating the signing of the armistice.

These are the reasons that make it necessary for every person possessed of anthracite to get the utmost possible good from it. There is not enough anthracite for the needs of every household.

WASTED HOT WATER IS SO MUCH COAL THROWN OUTDOORS

Almost without exception domestic water is provided in the cities of the east by pumping plants which burn coal.

Therefore, any of the hundred ways in which we habitually and commonly waste water is a direct waste of coal.

So far as cold water is concerned, this is a very small waste indeed, but it is a much more serious matter when hot water is concerned, the United States Fuel Administration points out.

A leaky tap on a hot water pipe will waste several gallons of water—and several pounds of coal—in an hour.

SEE THAT ALL YOUR WATER PIPES AND FAUCETS ARE WITHOUT LEAKS.

A little careful supervision in the kitchen will often cut in half the quantity of hot water used, with an obvious saving in coal.

Likewise, many of us are spend thrifts when we get into a bathtub and use two or three times as much water as necessary for a perfectly good bath.

Don't let the water run after you have enough in the tub for a bath.

COALOGRAMS.

If you waste coal, some one else will have to do without. Save anthracite.

General Influenza's forces defeated the anthracite coal miners in their battle for big production. Save what anthracite you have.

The more wood you burn, the less coal you need. Saw wood and save anthracite.

Domestic sizes of anthracite are extremely short because of the cut in production caused by the influenza epidemic. There is, however, plenty of buckwheat size anthracite. Every householder should use 25 per cent buckwheat, which costs him less than stove sizes.

Soot spoils your draft and makes for wasted coal. Keep your flues clean and save anthracite.

WEATHER STRIPPING WILL SAVE YOU COAL

Following are a few suggestions by the United States Fuel Administration on "weather stripping" of houses, to save coal:

It is best to put weather stripping on all doors and windows because, there is a heat loss through every one, no matter how tight they might be. By all means strip those which are loose, or which have large crevices.

All doors and windows which have a northern exposure should be carefully stripped. Windows thus exposed would be much better-protected if double windows are provided, because there is a certain amount of heat loss through the glass.

A million and a half households in the Middle West, accustomed to the use of anthracite, are getting either none or only a partial supply of anthracite this winter. Make the most of the anthracite you are fortunate enough to have.

The best way of assuring yourself of plenty of domestic fuel this winter is by the use of wood. Cut wood on holidays and in your spare time and save anthracite.

MAKE AN AIR-POCKET WITH WINDOW SHADE

IT KEEPS OUT THE COLD.

There has come to light the novel fact that a window shade will not only keep out the light, but will keep out the cold!

Unreasonable, you say?

Not at all.

A glass window, while it effectively keeps out the wind, allows considerable radiation of the heat from a room through the single thickness of the pane. In very cold countries double windows are the rule.

No matter how thin the window shade, if it is pulled down and held snugly against the casement, it forms an air pocket which insulates the warm room from the cold outside the same way as does the air space of the double window.

For that reason, in cold weather, pull your window shades down at night. If the curtains or hangings do not hold the shades close to the casement, pin the shades. It is not necessary to seal the shades tight against the casement, but merely to have them hang close enough so that the air will not circulate too freely.

Watch and Man Alike.

The watch that works only by fits and starts is never to be trusted. Nor is the man who does his work in the same way ever capable of the highest achievement possible to his station. With men as with watches the test lies in being right and reliable all the time.

that he wanted a reliable witness of the rent troubles which were growing acute in Schoharie, Delaware and Columbia counties.

It was a trial to go so far from home, as Aunt Deel put it, but both my aunt and uncle agreed that it was "for the best."

How it wrung my heart, when Mr. Purvis and I got into the stage at Canton, to see my aunt and uncle standing by the front wheel looking up at me. How old and lonely and forlorn they looked! Aunt Deel had her purse in her hand. I remember how she took a dollar out of it—I suppose it was the only dollar she had—and looked at it a moment and then handed it up to me.

"You better take it," she said. "I'm 'fraid you won't have enough."

How her hand and lips trembled! I have always kept that dollar.

I couldn't see them as we drove away.

The judge received me kindly and gave Purvis a job in his garden. I was able to take his dictation in sound-hand and spent most of my time in taking down contracts and correspondence and drafting them into proper form, which I had the knack of doing rather neatly. I was impressed by the immensity of certain towns in the neighborhood, and there were some temptations in my way. Many people, and especially the prominent men, indulged in ardent spirits.

We had near us there a little section of the old world which was trying, in a half-hearted fashion, to maintain itself in the midst of a democracy. It was the manorial life of the patroons—a relic of ancient feudalism which had its beginning in 1629, when the West Indies company issued its charter of privileges and exemptions. That charter offered to any member of the company who should, within four years, bring fifty adults to the New Netherlands and establish them along the Hudson, a liberal grant of land, to be called a manor, of which the owner or patroon should be full proprietor and chief magistrate. The settlers were to be exempt from taxation for ten years, but under bond to stay in one place and develop it. In the beginning the patroon built houses and barns and furnished cattle, seed and tools. The tenants for themselves and their heirs agreed to pay him a fixed rent forever in stock and produce and, further, to grind at the owner's mill and neither to hunt nor fish.

Judge Westbrook, in whose office I worked, was counsel and collector for the patroons, notably for the manors of Livingston and Van Rensselaer—two little kingdoms in the heart of the great republic.

Mr. Louis Latour of Jefferson county whom I had met in the company of Mr. Dunkelberg, came during my last year there to study law in the office of the judge, a privilege for which he was indebted to the influence of Senator Wright, I understood. He was a gay Lothario, always boasting of his love affairs, and I had little to do with him.

One day in May near the end of my two years in Cobleskill Judge Westbrook gave me two writs to serve on settlers in the neighborhood of Baldwin Heights for nonpayment of rent. He told me what I knew, that there was bitter feeling against the patroons in that vicinity and that I might encounter opposition to the service of the writs. If so I was not to press the matter, but bring them back and he would give them to the sheriff.

"I do not insist on your taking this task upon you," he added. "I want a man of tact to go and talk with these people and get their point of view. If you don't care to undertake it I'll send another man."

"I think I would enjoy the task," I said in ignorance of that hornet's nest back in the hills.

"Take Purvis with you," he said. "He can take care of the horses, and as those back-country folk are a little lawless it will be just as well to have a witness with you. They tell me that Purvis is a man of nerve and vigor."

I had drafted my letters for the day and was about to close my desk and start on my journey when Louis Latour came in and announced that he had brought the writs from the judge and was going with me.

"I wouldn't miss it for a thousand dollars," he remarked. "By Jove! I think we'll have a bully time."

"I don't object to your going but you must remember that I am in command," I said, a little taken back, for I had no good opinion either of his prudence or his company.

"The judge told me that I could go but that I should be under your orders," he answered. "I'm not going to be a fool. I'm trying to establish a reputation for good sense myself."

We got our dinners and set out soon after one o'clock. I had read the deeds of the men we were to visit. They were brothers and lived on adjoining farms with leases which covered three hundred and fifty acres of land. Their great-grandfather had agreed to pay a yearly rent forever of sixty-two bushels of good, sweet, merchantable, winter wheat, eight yearling cattle and four sheep in good flesh and sixteen fat hens, all to be delivered in the city of Albany on the first day of January of each year. So, feeling that I was engaged in a just cause, I bravely determined to serve the writs if possible.

I rode in silence, thinking of Sally and of those beautiful days now receding into the past and of my aunt and uncle. I had written a letter to them every week and one or the other had answered it. Between the lines I had detected the note of loneliness. They had told me the small news of the countryside. How narrow and monotonous it all seemed to me then! Rodney Barnes had bought a new farm; John Axtell had been hurt in a

HERE'S SOME NEWS ITEMS TO HELP FILL UP THE PAPER
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I DON'T CARE ANYTHING ABOUT THE MONEY. IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING!
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GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE

LOOK FOR THE BIG RED SIGN

Friday Morning Jan. 24

LOOK FOR THE BIG RED SIGN

AT 9 A. M. WE WILL OPEN

The GREATEST SALE That Smethport Ever Had

WE HAVE BOUGHT THE ENTIRE STOCK OF MAX SCHOOLAR. A Revolution in prices for quick disposal of over $35,000 worth of CLOTHING, SHOES and RUBBERS for men, women and children, men and boys' furnishings, etc. AT PRICES THAT WILL AMAZE YOU.

This is the greatest money-saving announcement ever made to the people of Smethport and vicinity. This is not an ordinary Clearance Sale, not a closing out of odds and ends sale, but the greatest Stock Disposal Sale ever attempted in this city or anywhere. Never in the annals of price cutting has Smethport had such a sale, it may never occur again. It's here now. Good people grasp this, the greatest of all opportunities. Every person that wants to save will be here Friday morning, January 24, at 9 a. m., when the doors will open for this GREAT DISPOSAL SALE. For want of space we are only quoting a few prices. See the goods.

EXTRA SPECIAL

1000 Overalls & Jackets, all kinds & sizes, during this sale $1.19

Men's Fleece Lined Underwear, Shirts and Drawers, during this sale .... 65c each

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, during this sale .... 14c a pr.

Men's Work Shirts, all sizes & colors, during this sale 65c

Men's Sweaters, regular $2.50 values, during this sale $1.45

Boys' Fleece Lined Union Suits, all sizes, $1.50 values, during this sale 79c each

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS & OVERCOATS,

formerly priced at from $12.00 to $30.00. Must go during this sale at

$6.95, $9.95, $13.45, $16.95

EXTRA SPECIAL

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One lot Ladies' Shoes, $3.00 to $3.50 values, only 95c pr.

One lot of Sweaters, prices up to $3.00, while they last 59c

One big lot Men's Dress Shoes, values up to $3.50, during sale $1.95

One lot Men's Dress Shirts, regular $1.00 Shirts, all sizes, at only 45c

One lot Children's Suits, worth up to $4.00, during this sale $1.95

MACKINAWS

For Men, Boys and Children. Values up to $12.50. During this sale

$3.95, $4.95, $6.95, & $8.65

EXTRA SPECIAL

Boys' Stockings, heavy ribbed, all sizes, during this sale ..... 23c pr.

Men's Caps, big assortment, all sizes, regular $1.50 values, at only 79c

Men's Flannel Shirts, $2.50 & $3.00 values, all sizes & colors, at only $1.95

Men's Canvas Gloves, during this sale ..... 10c pr.

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Men's Fleece Lined Union Suits, heavy ribbed, during this sale $1.45

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Sizes 6 to 16. Values up to $6. During this sale

$1.95, $2.95, & $3.95

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Men's Ties, Four-in-hands, Tecks, and Bows, worth 35c, at only 11c

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Boys' Sweaters, reg. $1.50 values, during this sale 69c

Men's Extra Heavy Wool Sox, $1.25 values, during this sale ..... 79c pr.

Men's White Handkerchiefs during this sale .... 6c each

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Beautiful line of Fine Dress Pants, all sizes, values up to $7.50. During this sale

$1,95 $2.95, $3.45, & $4.65

EXTRA SPECIAL

Men's 25c Dress Sox, during this sale ..... 14c pr.

Men's Dress Shirts, real fine shirts, during this sale .. 79c

Men's Wool Underwear, shirts & drawers, during this sale ..... $1.35 each

Men's Leather Work Gloves $1.25 & $1.50 values, during this sale ..... 79c pr.

Big lot of Men's Dress Shoes regular $4.00 shoes, during this sale ..... $2.65 pr.

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Take our advice--be here on time. Sale will continue but a few days. This is positively a bonafide Going Out of business sale. The entire stock must be sold.

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